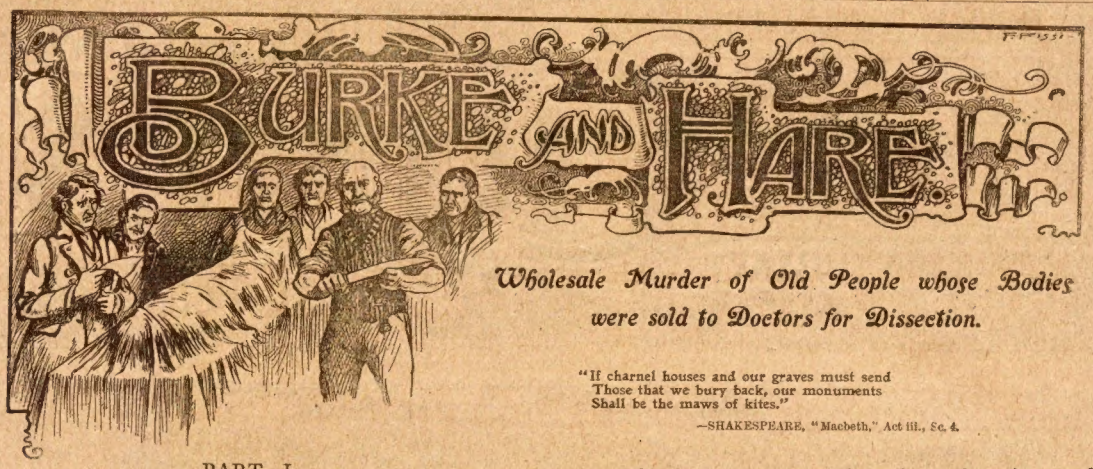
POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY



Wholesale Murder of Old People whose Bodies were sold to Doctors for Dissection.

"If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites."

—SHAKESPEARE, "Macbeth," Act iii., Sc. 4.

PART I.

In which is described how these ruffians commenced their horrid trade.

IN the little village of Orrey, close to Strabane, in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, William Burke was born in the year 1792. He was the son of a farm labourer named Neil Burke. Neil was a very pious Roman Catholic, and brought his son up strictly until he attained the age of fourteen, when he was sent into domestic service. The life of a page did not suit William at all, and he soon left his situation and commenced to learn the business of a baker. Of that he also tired and changed his trade to that of a weaver. Even then his restless spirit was not content, and, abandoning the loom, he enlisted in the Donegal Militia as a fifer. Following the colours pleased him, and he remained in the regiment until it was disbanded several years afterwards.

While wearing his Majesty's uniform, William Burke captured the heart of a young Irish colleen, a native of Ballina, and he married her. In due course Burke became the father of a family, and it was necessary, therefore, for him to find some employment when the army no longer needed him as a musician. Accordingly he entered the service of a county gentleman in the capacity of valet. Again the drudgery of servitude palled on him, and he sought to provide for his wife and children by other means. His father-in-law was fairly well off and held a considerable quantity of land on a long lease. Burke conceived the idea that if only he could rent a portion of this land from his relative, he would become a very successful farmer. His father-in-law, however, did not agree with him, knowing full well that farming for a man of Burke's disposition would mean ruin. Therefore he refused to sub-let any portion of his property, and he and his son-in-law quarrelled violently over the matter.

Being balked in his scheme for maintaining his offspring, Burke determined to leave them to Fate to look after, and quitted Ireland for good. The Union Canal, which joins Edinburgh and the Forth and Clyde Canal, was then in course of construction, and Burke obtained work as a labourer on that undertaking. While working as a navvy he lived at Maddiston, and there he met Helen M'Dougal, who became his partner for the rest of his life.

M'Dougal was a native of Redding, a village close to Maddiston. She had been the mistress of a sawyer named M'Dougal for several years, while his wife was alive, and when he became a widower she resided permanently with him. No actual marriage ceremony was performed, but cohabitation was then sufficient in Scotch law to constitute marriage, and the mistress became the wife. Shortly after she had been made "an honest woman," M'Dougal died, leaving her with two children, one born before their marriage, and an infant, the fruit of the union. She was thus situated when she met Burke, who became infatuated with her and asked her to live with him. She rather liked the young Irishman, and consented, so for a time the couple passed as man and wife. The matter, however, eventually leaked out, and the priest sent for Burke and told him that he must leave his paramour and return to his lawful spouse in Ireland, and, on his refusing to do so, sentence of excommunication was passed.

The early religious training which he had had made Burke far from comfortable under the ban of the Church, nevertheless his passion for M'Dougal prevented him from following the dictates of his conscience, and he continued to reside with her.

Maddiston was fully aware of the relations in which the couple stood to one another, and this made it advisable that they should migrate elsewhere. Edinburgh was the place they selected to go to, and they took up their quarters in the Portsburgh district at a wretched lodging-house known as "The Beggars' Hotel."

This miserable tenement was owned by Mickey Culzean, a well-known member of the lower classes in the Scotch capital. By way of earning his bread Burke took to cobbling and repairing shoes, which he had bought so as to re-sell them to the very poor. As time went he was moderately successful, and it was a bad week that he did not make twenty shillings by his ventures.

Just as the pair had got comfortably established in "The Beggars' Hotel" that building caught fire and was destroyed, Burke losing all his goods, including his library, which consisted of four theological works. Culzean thereupon took fresh quarters in Brown's Close, off the Grassmarket, and thither Burke and M'Dougal moved with him. Fresh tools were bought, and William Burke worked hard at his trade during the week, and religiously attended church on Sundays. Business, however, becoming dull, he went to Peebles, and there laboured on the roads for a time, and later made a practice of assisting at the harvesting every year.

M'Dougal kept with him faithfully, although they quarrelled terribly at times, and more than once Helen felt the weight of his fists. She is said to have been a very morose woman, either when sober or drunk, while, on the other hand, her companion was a mild-tempered man, amusing and jovial when under the influence of liquor, but a very steady fellow when in his right mind.

It was while harvesting at Penycuik, in the autumn of 1827, that Burke first made the acquaintance of William Hare and his wife. When the oats were nearly all gathered in, Burke informed Mrs. Hare that he was thinking of going to the West of Scotland in search of work. The woman opposed this and pointed out to him that if he and M'Dougal would come and lodge with them in Tanner's Close, in Edinburgh, his expenses would be very small and he would have an excellent opening for carrying on business as a cobbler. To this Burke and his mistress agreed, and thus the quartette was formed which afterwards attained such terrible notoriety.

William Hare was also a native of the Green Isle. He was a labourer by trade, and had no aspirations of any sort beyond obtaining as much drink as he could. In temper he was ferocious, and when the slightest bit intoxicated became perfectly unbearable. He had worked on the Union Canal, though not on the same section as Burke, and when the construction was finished obtained employment as a wharf hand at the Edinburgh terminus thereof. While in that position he met a man named Log, or Logue, who added to his earnings on the wharf by keeping a lodging-house in Tanner's Close. For some time Hare lodged with him, but eventually the pair quarrelled, and he left. He had not been gone long when Logue died, and Hare, having an eye to the main chance, returned and courted his widow, and eventually married her together with the lodging-house. He then found that the profits arising from the letting of beds in his "hotel" sufficed to provide him with as much whiskey as he could drink, and and told him that, as there was really no prospect of his ever getting his four pounds from Donald's relations, he proposed to take the body out of the coffin and sell it to one of the schools of anatomy in the city. At first Burke was shocked, but times were hard, and he thought that if the matter could be arranged without risk it was well worth trying.

The pair returned at once to Tanner's Close, and, unscrewing the coffin, removed all that remained of the veteran, replacing his body by tan bark and stones. They then fastened the lid on again, and, after concealing the corpse in the bed, accompanied the tan bark to the cemetery and saw it decently interred.

That evening Burke and Hare went to Surgeon's Square, where the celebrated anatomy school was then situated, with a view to making arrangements for the disposal of the body which they had stolen. Hare, always cunning and always a coward, would not go farther than

THEY REMOVED THE VETERAN'S BODY FROM THE COFFIN.

he, therefore, abandoned every form of work and spent his days in loafing from one public house to another. On occasions like harvesting and shearing, however, he made a point of attending with his wife, who worked while he waited to draw her pay.

This was his occupation when Burke first agreed to come and live with him at Tanner's Close.

After Burke had been in his new quarters for about three months, that is to say, towards Christmas, 1827, an old pensioner named Donald, who lodged in the same place, died, owing Hare the sum of four pounds for rent. As a set-off against this, truly, there was a quarter's pension nearly due, but Hare naturally thought that the money would be sent to some other relation, who might not feel inclined to pay him. It was a pity, certainly, for Hare reckoned four pounds as so many mutchkins of whiskey; still, he did not see what could be done to avoid the loss. Everything was made ready for the funeral and the lid of the pauper's coffin screwed down, when a brilliant idea struck Hare.

"Poor Donald's body is not much use to him at present," reasoned the creditor, "while it is a good deal of use to me." Off he went and found Burke, who was out, the corner of the square, leaving Burke to carry on the negotiations. That worthy hung about the door of the premises for some time, and then was noticed by one of the students, who inquired of him if he was wanting anybody. Burke replied, after the manner of Socrates, by asking another question: "Are you Dr. Knox?"

"No," answered the student, "but I am one of his assistants."

"Perhaps you may do as well," continued Burke. Having got thus far in the transaction, Burke could not bring himself to explain the precise nature of his business, but the student, who was an old hand at dealing with body-snatchers, asked him forthwith where "the thing" was. The body-merchant professed not to understand him, and, for safety's sake, was taken into the dissecting-room, where he saw the remains of various subjects lying on tables. This sight, far from terrifying him, brought him to the scratch, and he explained that he had got a corpse for sale, and wanted to know what the remuneration usually was.

"Ten pounds," said the student. "Sometimes more, sometimes less. It depends on the body."

"And would you not give a pound or two more for a

fresh one?" asked Burke. That question was the foundation of the whole of his future crimes—the "pound or two more for a fresh one."

The student who was making the deal, and who afterwards became famous as Sir William Ferguson, one of the finest surgeons that has ever lived, insisted that the body should be brought to the dissecting-rooms at ten o'clock that night for inspection, and that fair value should then be paid for it. To this Burke agreed, and hurried out of the building to rejoin his companion.

Here it may be mentioned that in the early part of the last century there was no recognised way for medical students to obtain the bodies for dissection, and that, in consequence, little progress was made in the art of surgery. Dr. Munro was the first to start a regular anatomical school. and he found that the only way in which he could obtain corpses was by robbing churchyards. The demand for dead bodies naturally created a supply, and bands of men took up the gruesome trade of resurrectionists and despoiled the graveyards of their dead within an hour or two of each interment. To prevent the desecration of the tombs in many cemeteries to this day may be seen strong iron cages erected over the last resting-place of some loved ones.

But it was not only the professional body-snatchers who obtained subjects for the tables in the dissecting-rooms, for the students themselves used to organise a regular system of espionage on all the practising physicians in the large towns, and as soon as they were informed of the death of any patient, arrangements were promptly made for the recovery of his body from the tomb ere the pressure of the earth had spoilt it. In this unnatural work many of the most eminent surgeons of the last seventy years have been engaged at one time or another, among them being Liston, Wharton, Jones, Fayrer, Abernethy, and Sir William Gull, who cured our sovereign from typhoid while Prince of Wales.

WILLIAM BURKE. FROM A DRAWING MADE AT THE TIME

The dissecting-rooms of the period were little better than charnel-houses, for, beyond occasionally placing portions of bodies in alcohol or brine, no proper method of preserving the corpses had been invented. To-day all this is changed and the subjects are carefully embalmed, and emit little or no odour. The skin is generally stained a dark brown in the process, and it was thus that the surgeons were able to declare that the remains of the woman found lately in Lambeth had never been on the anatomist's table. The supply for the use of the budding medicos is obtained from hospitals, any corpse not claimed within two days being sent to the preserving cellars. This is permitted by law, but it is enacted that all the scraps of flesh from the anatomy-rooms shall be buried when collected, and from time to time a coffin full of débris from the tables is interred in our public cemeteries as "our departed brothers and sisters."

To return to Burke. He and Hare went back to Tanner's Close and packed up poor old Donald's remains in a sack, which they carried between them to Dr. Knox's establishment. There they were told to take it out of its receptacle and strip it of the graveclothes in which it was clad. Dr. Knox was at home, and, after examining the body, said that it was worth £7 10s. only. This sum was paid to the two partners, Hare receiving £4 5s. and Burke taking the balance.

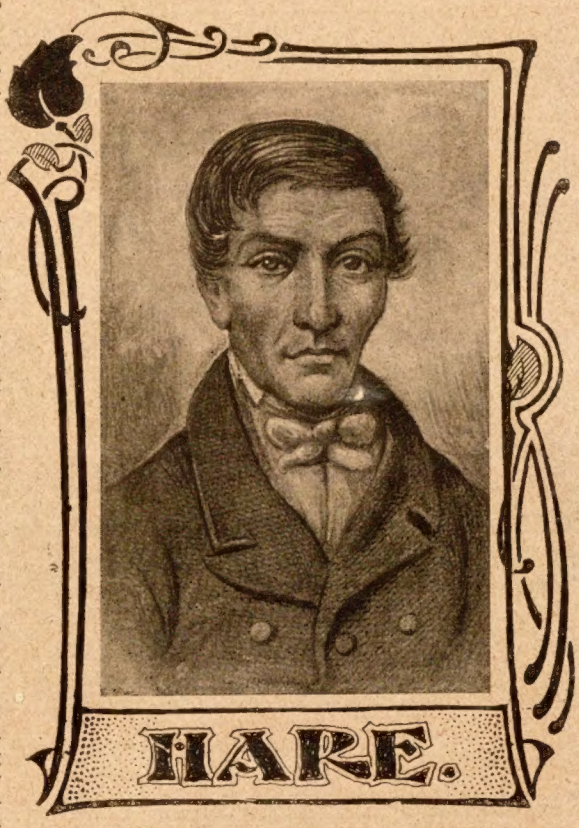
The ease with which the money was obtained struck Burke and Hare, and the remark that "fresh bodies were worth a pound or two more" led them to devise a plan by which a ready supply of undamaged corpses might be maintained. At first they thought that it might be possible to buy bodies from the poorest classes and sell them at a profit to the doctors, but then it occurred to Burke that by so doing they would only receive a meagre share of the proceeds, and he proposed that they should manufacture the fresh bodies themselves. This does not appear to have horrified Hare, who entered readily enough into the scheme. The two women, M'Dougal and Mrs. Hare, were also told what their men-folk were going to do, and they made a point of discreetly keeping out of the way when any actual business was on hand.

Hare, as we have said, succeeded the late Mr. Logue as keeper of a lodging-house. The building was at the end of a dark close or wynd. It was of one story only and contained three rooms. Two of these were furnished with truckle beds, where the common lodgers slept, while the third, a veritable closet, was Burke's private apartment, and was where he and Hare prepared their ghastly merchandise. The little room was eminently suited for the purpose as it had only a tiny window, which looked out on to a pigstye and a blank wall, and, therefore, was perfectly secluded.

Shortly after the couple had determined that they would never be again in absolute want of money Hare met, one afternoon, in the Grassmarket, an old woman considerably the worse for drink. She was called Abigail Simpson, and hailed from a little village some miles outside of Edinburgh. On that day she had come into the capital to fetch a pension of one and sixpence a week which was provided for her by the bounty of Sir John Hope. She had drawn her money and also had received a can of leavings from the baronet's table. The money had been

spent in drink, and the poor old soul was returning to her rustic home, where a daughter awaited her.

She looked weakly and to Hare seemed a fit subject for the first experiment in corpse-making. Accordingly he spoke to her, pretending that he had met her some time before. The liquor which Abigail Simpson had drunk confused her, and she was not at all certain that she might not have met her accoster, so she entered into conversation with him, and when he suggested that she should come to his house and take a glass in honour of their second meeting she readily acquiesced. Mrs. Hare made much of the old lady, and soon all the drink in the house was consumed. Then the hostess bought the can of leavings from her for one and sixpence, and the money was expended in buying more rank whiskey for the party to continue the carousal. This was done with great success, Abigail singing some of the songs of her childhood, while Burke played the flute as an accompaniment. At length she was too drunk to go home, and Hare suggested that she should stop the night in his house and return to her village when she had recovered from her debauch. This plan she gladly fell in with, and lay down to sleep off the effects of her friends' hospitality.



For the greater part of the night Burke and his infamous associate watched their prey, but could not make up their minds to do the deed, for up to that day their hands were free from any stain of blood. Morning came, and Abigail woke up, faint and ill from her excesses over night and clamouring to be taken home to her daughter. Her entertainers expressed the greatest concern for her, and proposed that she should have a little whiskey and porter mixed, as a corrective. Needless to say, this concoction did its work only too well, and in a short time the old woman was more intoxicated than ever.

Then the moment had arrived; the other lodgers were all out and everything was quiet. Hare suddenly placed his hand over Abigail's mouth and nostrils to stop her breathing, while Burke laid himself across her body to prevent any struggling or disturbance. His work was one of supererogation, for the poor old soul was too feeble and too drunk to make the slightest resistance. A few minutes sufficed for their fiendish work, and the spirit of Mrs. Simpson fled to the land beyond the grave.

The two murderers were not in the least shocked by the appalling deed which they had just committed, but instantly stripped the body and concealed it in a box which they had prepared to receive it. Her clothes were tied up in a bundle with some stones and sunk in the canal. Later that day Hare went to Dr. Knox's rooms and told the porter there that he had a "thing" for him, arranging to meet him behind the Castle with it that evening. After dark Burke and his partner carried their victim's remains to the place of rendezvous and handed it over to the porter, who took it to the anatomy-school, whither he was later joined by the two ghouls. Abigail's body was valued at ten pounds, which the accomplices divided. Dr. Knox approved of the freshness of his purchase, but asked no questions.

Thus these two devils in human shape embarked on their trade of wholesale slaughter. They were delighted at the ease with which the frightful crime was committed and could not see that there was the slightest danger of discovery. Furthermore, they had ten pounds, a veritable fortune to men in their station of life, and they saw that, with luck, they could command like sums whenever they desired to.

When this windfall was nearly expended there was lodging at Tanner's Close an elderly man whom the partners knew as Joseph. Unfortunately, he fell ill, and it was whispered abroad that he was suffering from a malignant fever. Should the report spread it would be bad for the lodging-house, so, though not actually in want, Burke decided that Joseph should join Abigail at once. They waited till everything was still, and then Burke laid a pillow over the mouth of the sleeping man, while Hare held him down lest he should make any noise. In twenty minutes he was in the box, ready to be conveyed to Surgeon's Square, where he made his appearance on one of the tables next night, and the two flesh merchants were the richer by ten pounds.

About the same time an Englishman, name unknown, was attacked with jaundice in the lodging-house, and was also compelled to provide another ten pounds for the Burke and Hare exchequer. These three people were not well known in Edinburgh, and it is not surprising that they were not missed, but the same cannot be said of the next victim.

Early on the morning of April 9, 1828, Burke went to a public-house in the Canongate, kept by a man named Swanston. While he was drowning his conscience with whiskey two unfortunates entered the tavern and ordered drinks. These women were Mary Paterson and Janet Brown, who resided with a Mrs. Worthington, of Leith Street. To Burke's professional eye they were valuable subjects for the anatomists, and, though he did not know either of them, he went across to them and proposed that the ladies should join him in a round of rum and bitters. The girls were not at all averse to drinking at another man's expense, and three gills of the potent mixture were ordered.

The Irishman did not take long to ingratiate himself with his newly-found friends, and when they had had sufficient refreshment he suggested that they should come round to his lodgings and have breakfast with him. Janet Brown objected, but Mary Paterson had no scruples about the matter and accepted the invitation. To Brown Burke said that he was a pensioner and well enough off to keep her in comfort for the rest of her life if she was willing to accompany her companion. At length Janet consented and, after purchasing two bottles of whiskey, which he gave to the girls to carry, he led his guests round to the house of his brother, Constantine Burke, a scavenger in the employ of the Edinburgh police.

It was still quite early when they arrived at Constan-

tine's house, for the street orderly and his wife were not out of bed. However, they got up at once and prepared breakfast for the party. After breakfast Constantine left to go to his daily employment, and William Burke commenced his awful trade. The two bottles of whiskey were produced and the girls plied with liquor until Paterson was in a state of helpless intoxication. Burke then proposed that he and Brown should go for a walk, and the pair went to a neighbouring public-house, where they feasted on porter and pies till Janet was also well under the influence of drink. While they were out Helen M'Dougal entered the building and hid herself behind the curtains of the bed which was in the corner of the room.

When Burke and Janet returned they continued their conversation, when suddenly Helen broke in, and Mrs. Constantine Burke whispered to the girl that the woman was Burke's wife. M'Dougal turned fiercely on Brown and

ABIGAIL SINGING SOME OF THE SONGS OF HER CHILDHOOD.

abused her, but the latter explained that she had no idea that Burke was married, and that appeased the mistress, who directed her attention to her erring lord and master. A terrific scene ensued, though it is more than probable that it was carefully arranged. Helen broke the dishes on the table, and at last genuinely annoyed Burke, who flung a glass at her, cutting her head open. While this was going on Mrs. Constantine ran out to fetch Hare, Mary Paterson slept on, and Janet stood, paralysed with fear, watching the progress of the fight. Bleeding and screaming, Helen M'Dougal was caught by Burke and hurled into the street, and then he set to work to calm Brown's feelings. A little persuasion was all that was necessary, but, after resting for about a quarter of an hour, Janet begged to be allowed to go home, and, as Helen M'Dougal was raving in the passage, Burke protected the girl till she was well past the virago, and then returned to the house, where Mary Paterson was still lying unconscious.

Shortly afterwards Hare arrived, and the couple at once tried their devilish art on the sleeping girl. It did not take long, and then the corpse was placed, stripped, inside the bed and covered up. No sooner was this done than Helen and Mrs. Burke came back again. They asked no questions, for they were doubtless well aware of what had taken place. Burke and Hare, having earned their money, then left the house to make arrangements for the disposal of their property.

While Mary was being done to death Janet went to the house of a Mrs. Laurie, who had invited the two girls to stay with her, and told her of the condition of Mary Paterson. Mrs. Laurie was a kindly-hearted woman, and said that she would send her servant with Janet to fetch the intoxicated girl away. This she did, but Brown's head was so confused with the drink that she had taken that it was with the greatest difficulty that she was able to find Constantine Burke's house again. At last, with the assistance of the publican in whose tavern she had met Burke, she did manage to arrive at the door of the house in Gibbs's Close. There she saw Mrs. Hare, who told her that Paterson was out for a walk with Burke and would not be back for some time. They pressed her to have some more whiskey, and Brown consented. Knowing that there was no hope of getting her charge away from the bottle, the servant returned to her mistress and told her what was going on. Later in the day she came back and brought Janet away.

In the afternoon Janet went a fourth time to Constantine Burke's dwelling, and was told that Mary had gone away with a packman to Glasgow. She felt sure that something was wrong, but her relations with the police were at that time a little strained, and she did not dare to appeal to them, so the matter was dropped until eight months later, when the operations of the infamous gang were revealed.

Mary Paterson was a beautifully-formed girl, and it seems strange that her body should only have fetched eight pounds in the corpse market while the remains of old people were considered to be worth ten sovereigns. Still, that was the sum that Burke and Hare divided for their murderous morning's work. The murderers ran a great risk of discovery on this occasion, for one of the

students recognised the girl and declared that he had seen her in the Canongate that morning. Burke, however, swore that he had purchased the body from an old woman who lived in that district, and stated that he had been told that his subject had died somewhat suddenly, an explana-

tion that was sufficient for the students, who were far from anxious to be mixed up in anything like a criminal case.

From the murder of Mary Paterson the exact chronological sequence of the victims of Burke and Hare is lost, many unknown persons being done to death just as they fell into the hands of the detestable gang; we must, therefore take them as they were revealed in Burke's confessions without regard to the dates on which they left this world.

Mrs. Hare entered gleefully into the undertaking and, while out shopping one day, came across an old woman, whom she persuaded to accompany her to her house. Out came the whiskey bottle, and before an hour had passed the elderly dame was sleeping the sleep of the drunken on Mrs. Hare's bed. When Hare came home for dinner at midday he was shown the living equivalent of eight or ten pounds, and, seeing that no force would be necessary, he simply covered the woman's mouth with the bedclothes and left her to smother herself, which she did. That evening Burke assisted his partner to undress the body and take it to Surgeon's Square, where the customary fee was divided.

Burke also operated by himself occasionally. In May, 1828, he entered the lodging-house and found that an old woman had drank herself insensible without any assistance from the quartette. She received her quietus and was on her way to the dissecting rooms before Hare returned from his daily excursions.

An old cinder sifter, named Effie, met her death in Tanner's Close at the hands of the wicked band. Effie made the acquaintance of Burke when he was carrying on the trade of a cobbler. She used to sift the municipal ash pits, and all the tiny scraps of leather which she found there she used to sell to Burke, who used them for repairing boots. One day she called on her usual business and Burke was a little short of cash, so he thought that she might as well contribute to the bank as anybody else. He took her into the stable attached to the house and sent for Hare, who arrived with a suitable quantity of whiskey with which they soon made the old woman helplessly drunk. She lay down on some straw in the corner of the shed, and was at once covered with a cloth in such a manner as to stop her breathing. The two confederates then left her and went to Surgeon's Square to make the bargain for her corpse e'er the breath was out of her body. They were sure, however, that they had done their work effectually, and when they returned they found the remains of Effie ready to be placed in the tea-chest. She fetched ten pounds, and no questions were asked.

Even the police were utilised by Burke to supply him with subjects. To the authorities he was known as a quiet, inoffensive man. One morning he met some constables conveying a drunken woman to the cells. He proposed that she should be allowed to return to her lodgings, adding that he knew where she lived, and would see her there in safety. The policemen were only too glad to get the old lady off their hands, so turned her over to Burke, who conveyed her with all speed to Surgeon's Square, viâ Tanner's Close. Ten pounds rewarded him for his benevolence.

It was about midsummer, 1828, that Burke and Helen M'Dougal removed from the house in Tanner's Close to one kept by John Broggan two closes farther eastward. The reason of this is rather shrouded in mystery, but it may be assumed that it was not unconnected with the very serious quarrel which Burke had with Hare about that time. The rupture happened as follows: Mrs. Hare conceived a violent dislike for Helen M'Dougal and proposed that she should be converted into coin. To this end she approached Burke and asked him to take his paramour away to Maddiston for several days. While there he was to choke her in the usual way, and then write to Hare saying that his wife had died rather suddenly, when arrangements would be made with Dr. Knox in due course.

Burke was not at all in love with the scheme, but money was scarce at the time, and he agreed that his mistress should be sacrificed to replenish the coffers. He therefore took M'Dougal away with him, intending to kill

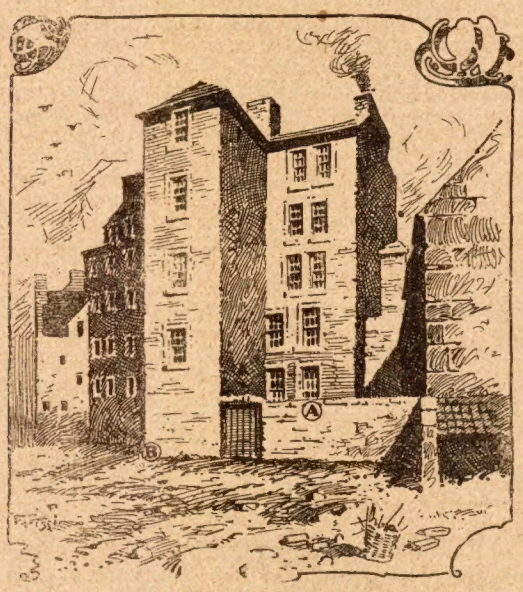
her in the same manner as he had taken other lives. In this decision he was strengthened by the fact that Hare and his wife were in great straits and had pawned everything that was pledgeable.

For some unexplained reason he changed his mind and

brought Helen back to Edinburgh alive. To his astonishment, he found Hare living again in luxury, and at once surmised that "business" had been done in his absence and his share appropriated by Hare. This he regarded as distinctly unfair, since out of every ten pounds he only received four and had to pay Mrs. Hare a sovereign as well if the crime took place on her premises.

He taxed Hare with having made money while he was away, and that scoundrel denied it. The quarrel waxed high and blows were interchanged, neither partner saying what was the real cause of the fight. Burke was an Irishman, and, therefore, a born fighter, a fact which Hare soon discovered to his cost, for he received a sound thrashing, after which he admitted that he had defrauded Burke and was compelled to make restitution. After this Burke and Helen left Tanner's Close.

Burke had not been long in his new quarters when he determined to do a little business in them, and thus avoid the payment of the extra pound to Mrs. Hare for accommodation. The Broggans were connections of his by marriage, and he felt fairly safe with them. Mrs. Broggan had lately presented her lord with a son, and rejoicing was



The Ghoul's House.

A.—Where the murders were committed. B.—The back entrance to the Close.

the order of the day, therefore the sound of revelry coming from the house attracted no attention. An old widow named Hostler used to do washing for the household, and Burke thought that she would be more useful on the dissecting table than in the laundry, so, when she came to bring back the clothes, he offered her some whiskey. She was a thirsty soul, and one glass led to another until she was intoxicated, when she was suffocated by her friend and conveyed to an outhouse to await transference to Dr. Knox's school. She was a fairly powerful old dame, and when she met her death had nine coppers grasped in her right hand, which it took the united strength of Burke and Hare to wrench away from her. She was valued at eight pounds only, which sum, together with the ninepence, the murderers divided.

Perhaps the most dangerous feat which the human butchers performed was the removal of Mary Haldane and her daughter, both well-known characters in Edinburgh. Mary Haldane was styled "Mrs." by courtesy only. She had three daughters, the youngest of whom followed the profession of Rahab, in company with her mother. At one time old Mary had lodged with Hare, but she left his den a short time before she met her violent death. Burke had long looked upon her as a fit subject for his murderous craft, but for some inexplicable reason Hare was averse to killing the old courtesan. A day came, however, when Haré's love of gold overcame his scruples, and Mary was marked for slaughter.

Burke set out to find her, and, knowing her haunts perfectly well, had not much difficulty in laying hands on his prospective victim, and inviting her to come to his house and join him in a friendly dram. Mary was one of those unfortunates whom the street urchins love to tease, and, seeing her in the company of Burke, who was decently dressed, they chaffed her mercilessly as she walked with him along the Grassmarket towards Portburgh. As the ill-assorted couple were on their way to Broggan's house, they met Hare, who at once divined the reason of the companionship and stopped to speak to his colleague. Burke then changed his mind and took Mary to Tanner's Close, where Mrs. Hare provided a goodly quantity of whiskey, which soon took effect on the old harridan. When Mrs. Haldane was sufficiently insensible, the women retired from the room and a few moments later re-entered it to assist in preparing the corpse for conveyance to Surgeon's Square.

By this time the price of subjects for the students had gone up and Burke and Hare were in receipt of about fourteen pounds for every fresh body that they laid on the tables of the anatomy school. That sum, therefore, was the price of Mary's blood.

She had not long been dead when her daughter, Peggy Haldane, missed her mother and, thinking that she had been out on a longer spree than usual, went in search of her. Many persons she asked in the streets if they had seen the old woman, but could get no news of her till a grocer informed her that he had seen her mother in company with Burke and Hare. Feeling that she had at last run her erring parent to earth, Peggy went to Tanner's Close full of hope. There she found Mrs. Hare and Helen M'Dougal, who was spending the morning with her, and was informed that Mary Haldane had never been near the place, at the same time abusing both mother and daughter and calling them shameless vagrants.

Hare was in the adjoining room and heard this. He knew that if Peggy believed the woman she would at once go back to those who had told her that her mother had been with him, and that suspicion would be aroused, so he came into the front room and said that he could tell her all about her lost mother. Of course he could, for no one knew better where she was than the man who was at that moment carrying the price of her life in his pocket.

Assuring Peggy that he could give her every particular of the whereabouts of Mary, he invited her into the inner room to have a drink. Peggy was not in the least averse to a drop of spirits, and soon was on the high road to intoxication. Burke, who had been loitering about outside, saw Peggy Haldane enter the shambles, and came in himself as soon as he was assured that the whiskey was beginning to do its work. Finding his victim in a fairly maudlin state he told her that he had seen Mary but a few hours before, and knew that she had gone to Mid-Calder, about three miles out of Edinburgh, on a visit to some relations. This quieted Peggy, who felt sure that a short walk would enable her to find her mother. She was, therefore, willing enough to take another drop of "the crathur," and so potent a drop was it that she rapidly became unconscious.

That was the moment Burke and Hare were waiting for, and, turning her over on to her face, they pressed her down on the bedclothes until she was suffocated. Her body was then taken to Dr. Knox, where she rejoined the mother that she had lost.

More victims were wanted towards the middle of June, and Burke, who was the scout of the party, went out to see what he could find. While shuffling along the High Street he fell in with an old man whose face plainly betokened his love for strong drink, and Burke at once invited him to come home with him and taste a drop. The old fellow was willing enough, and started off with

his benefactor. While they were having a glass prior to starting for Hare's house, where most of the murders were committed, an old woman, accompanied by a blind boy, came up and asked Burke if he could direct them to certain friends of hers whom she was seeking. Burke at once saw that he could discard the old man and have two bodies for sale next morning, so he pretended that he knew exactly where the persons the woman was seeking dwelt, and, getting rid of the man, took the grandmother and the boy to Hare's den.

It was there, he said, the friends lived, but added that they were out at work and would be back towards evening. A few adroit questions had told him that the couple were absolute strangers to Edinburgh, and he therefore felt quite sure they would never be missed. The whiskey bottle was produced, as usual, and the old woman pressed to imbibe, which she did very freely. She then went to bed, after being assured that she should see her friends in the morning. The blind boy, who was also a deaf mute, was taken into another room by the women, while Burke and Hare calmly choked his grandmother to death. She was then stripped and placed in the bed, ready to be conveyed to the doctors on the following day.

At first the fate of the boy hung in the balance. One of the fiends thought that it would be best to kill him and sell his body, while the other said that as he was blind and a deaf mute, it would be perfectly safe to let him wander about the city, inasmuch as he could never point out where his relation had disappeared. Furthermore, it might be imprudent to sell two bodies on the same day. All that night the matter was undecided, but with morning it was resolved that death was to be the afflicted child's fate, and Burke took the boy into the back room and broke his back across his knee. This was the only person that was not killed by suffocation by the hellish pair. Before his death Burke declared that the murder of the helpless "wauf" was the one that laid most heavily on his conscience.

Hare was set the task of finding some means of conveying the corpses to the dissecting-rooms. The tea-chest had become worn out, so he selected an old herring barrel, which was dry, and into it the two bodies were crammed. The barrel was far too heavy for them to carry, and, as Hare had a horse, it was harnessed to a cart and the valuable freight placed thereon. All went well until they got to the Meat Market, when the animal suddenly got a fit of sulking, and it was impossible to make it move on. That was very awkward for the criminals, as the barrel was not securely fastened, and if removed from the cart might burst open and disclose its horrid contents.

In this predicament they caught sight of a porter with a hand-truck, and bargained with him to convey the barrel to its destination. Burke went on ahead, while Hare accompanied the cargo. The porter had no curiosity, and wheeled the barrel to Surgeon's Square, where it was taken into the dissecting-room. There another danger met the merchants.

The bodies had been crushed into the receptacle before they were quite cold, and had, therefore, set in the cramped position in which they had been lying for the greater part of the day. Some of the students noticed this and questioned Burke, but he said that he had bought them both while fresh and this accounted for their present condition. No one thought fit to pursue the matter, and with the aid of several embryo doctors they were straightened out and placed on the tables. Sixteen pounds the richer, Hare and his accomplice returned to the horse and cart. It was then seen that the animal was unfit for further work, and it was taken to the nearest knacker's yard and shot. On its back was found an enormous sore which had been filled up with tow and covered over with another piece of horse's skin. It is small wonder, therefore, that it refused to draw a heavy cart.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

"Man is an apprentice; pain is his master; and none knows himself so long as he has not suffered."—A. DE MUSSET.

CHAPTER XI.

THE refining touch of civilisation has not made itself felt in Persia, even at the present day, and some of the punishments still inflicted in the Shah's country are frightfully barbarous. As a rule, the capital punishment is decapitation, the executioner being supposed to hack the victim's head off with a sharp knife. This he rarely does, however, for he prefers to open two or three veins of the neck with his knife, and leave the criminal to bleed to death. This is a comparatively pleasant death by the side of the "gatch," which is only used when it is the desire of the authorities to set a terrible example before the populace. This most cruel mode of punishment we described in a previous number. It consists of walling a living man up in a pillar, containing plaster of Paris, and letting him die by inches.

Eye Torture.

Dragging at horses' tails is another punishment still in existence in Persia. Criminals are tied to the tail of a horse, and the animal, lashed into a mad gallop, is driven through the streets of the city. The unfortunate wretch, ere he traverses many yards over the uneven stone-strewed roads, is a mass of fearful wounds, and when the drive ends all that is left is an unrecognisable mass of bleeding, torn flesh.

They have, too, an ingenious and fiendishly cruel eye-torture in that country. A leather strap contains two cups, which, when the contrivance is fastened to the head, just fit on the eyes. The cup is so made that the bottom rim presses the eyelids open in rather a painful manner, but that is the least severe part of the torture. The cup is made to hold corrosive acids, and these, fed from a holder, leak into the eyes through ingeniously-contrived channels in the bottom of the cup. The culprit's eyes are thus slowly eaten away, and if the torture is continued for any length of time, the unfortunate wretch dies in dreadful agony.

Gradual suffocation is another punishment which comes from the East. It is something similar to the "gatch" described above, except that the application of plaster is confined solely to the head. The victim is bound to a long board, so that the only movement he can make is the spasmodic twitching of his muscles. Stiffly-mixed plaster is then poured round his head, and allowed to harden. This, in itself, causes great suffering, but worse follows, for the substance is piled up until it reaches the man's mouth, and eventually closes his lips for ever. He can still breathe, however, but not for long. Slowly the plaster is added to. One nostril is closed, and then the other, and a horrible death follows, as a matter of course, within a very few minutes.

Brank for Immoral Women.

Torture, as we have stated in other articles, varied greatly in its intensity, and some appear to be ludicrous; though, when they were in daily use, the victims did not think so, and doubtless set them down as being severe enough.

Thus with the masks, which were used in the olden times to hold offenders against the public peace up to ridicule. Lazy folk—those who were always relying upon their fellows for their substance—were severely dealt with on conviction. If they would not tire themselves by working for their living, the authorities speedily made life a burden for them. A weighted

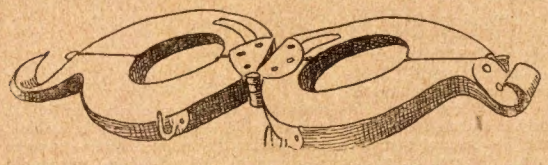
helmet, as shown in the illustration, was placed upon their heads. The head-piece itself was made of iron, the visor being of strips of the same metal, through which the wearer could see and be seen. A heavy weight, either of stone or iron, was fastened to the neck, and there was also a chain, so that the vagabond could be led round the town or fastened up safely in the market-place or at the whipping-post. The whole contrivance weighed between ten and twenty pounds, and after wearing it for a few minutes, the burden, except to the strongest of men and women — for the fair sex did not escape this punishment — became intolerable.

Devil Mask for children.

As the wearer walked through the town or village, he would gradually sink under the weight, only to be dragged forward by the gaoler, whose heavy whip would descend with heartbreaking regularity upon the back and shoulders of the sluggard. The official set the pace, and the prisoner had to keep up with him, or take the consequences. In addition, the wearer of the helmet was the object of the derision of all the passers-by. It would not have mattered, perhaps, if the spectators only threw gibes at him. Sometimes they threw stones and garbage, and when his journey ended he was, as a rule, in a sorry plight, and whether he wanted to or not quite unfit to do any work.

The mask we have described was even more severe than that used for prisoners who had been sentenced to death and then reprieved.

This last was simply an iron helmet, opening at the side and fitting completely over the head on to the shoulders. It represented a death's head, and was altogether a ghastly-looking object. It was applied to those people who, having been sentenced to death, were in the law's "mercy"—there was little

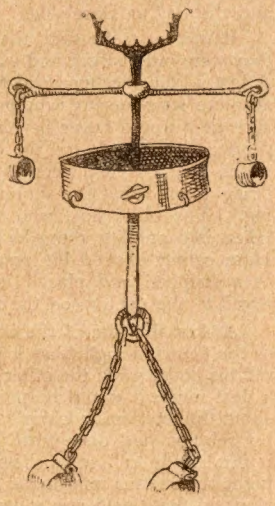


Yoke for parents of children born out of wedlock.

enough of this in the days we are writing of—reprieved, and allowed to drag out a miserable existence in prison. Wearing the iron skull, they were paraded through the city in which the crime was committed, execrated by the mob, and an object-lesson to other evil-doers. The mask drew attention to them, but inflicted only a little pain.

In the same way the brank used to punish immoral women was more in the nature of a mental, rather than a physical torture. Nowadays no one thinks of pointing a finger of scorn at an erring woman. She is allowed to go her own way, as long as she does not force her presence upon the police, and compel them to lock her up for some act of rowdyism, and, for the most part, she is the object of genuine pity. But in the ancient times, and more particularly was this the case in Germany, Bavaria, and other European countries, she was very unkindly dealt with, and a woman convicted of immorality was compelled to wear an extraordinary-looking mask. The face was that of a bloated female, with a protruding upper-lip, which gave the contrivance a very sensual appearance, and a pair of horns and ass's ears, denoting lechery and folly, decorated the top of the mask, whilst hanging to these were jangling bells. The woman was dragged at the end of a chain through the streets, or, on occasions, tied up in the market-place or to the church porch. Her every movement set the bells clanging, and drew the attention of all and sundry. The brank was a very uncomfortable head-gear, and if it did not fit pretty well, bruised, and sometimes lacerated, the face of the wearer, who, more often than not, had a very severe time of it. If the gaoler became tired of walking about, he fastened up his charge in the street, and repaired to the nearest alehouse for refreshment. The moment he turned his back, the mob would proceed to inflict some punishment on its own account. Probably the woman was feeling the pangs of hunger; certainly her mouth and throat would be parched with thirst. Then the roughs would tantalise her by holding food and drink, neither of which she could get at, close to the lips of the mask. It was very maddening; but, if the woman was wise, she held her tongue. If, on the other hand, she lashed out at her tormentors, they would resort to a variety of tricks, some of which no English paper could describe, to increase her rage. They would fiercely pinch her limbs, throw water over her, and plaster her from head to foot with garbage from the street. By-and-by the gaoler would return, and drag his much-battered and terribly exhausted prisoner back to durance vile.

One can easily imagine the anguish of a wanton beauty compelled to wear this hideous mask in the view of her plainer and more moral sisters. And what a contrast to the methods of the present day, when a woman leaves the divorce-court branded as one of the most shameless of her sex, holding her head just as high as when she entered the justice-room, and with no outward or visible sign to denote her shame.

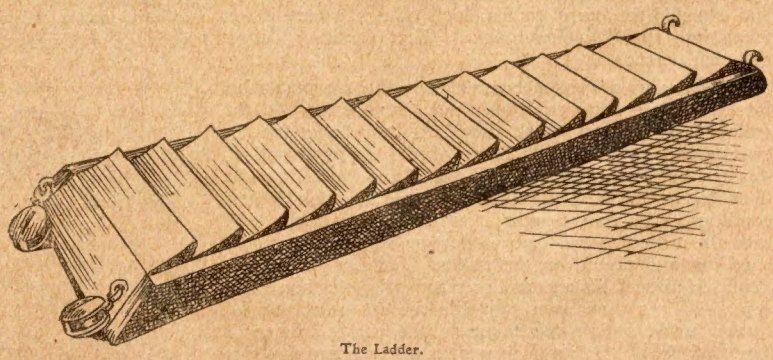


A portable prison.

Children were punished in a similar manner in Nuremberg, Heidelberg, and other Continental cities, in the infamous times of torture. For trifling offences in schools, the boys and girls were made to wear a mask, fashioned like the traditional devil's head, with the addition of a pair of ram's horns. It was a very uncomfortable and terrifying penalty, and when inflicted on a sensitive child frequently had the direst effect on the wearer's mind. A timid girl would be nearly driven insane after an hour or so of the application of the mask.

The portable prison, which we illustrate, was sometimes used with the masks, but more often it was used alone. Its object was the same, viz., to publish the prisoner's shame to his fellow-citizens, and bring down upon him as much disgrace as possible. The main part of the contrivance was a broad band of iron, fitting round the chest; to this was attached an upright rod, at the top of which was a crossbar, above which again was a semi-circular sharply-toothed chin-rest. To the cross-bars, hanging by chains, were handcuffs, whilst two and three bars below the belt leg-irons were fastened. When used, the chin-piece forced the head back as far as it would go, the spikes piercing the flesh, and inflicting wounds which would not heal for many a day; the arms were brought over the cross-bar, and shackled, whilst the remaining manacles were snapped round the victim's legs. A man wearing this unique machine suffered very great pain. The portable prison was exceedingly heavy, and permitted of only the slowest and most laboured movements, whilst the wearer was never able to rest himself, either sleeping or waking.

Another quaint punishment was that inflicted upon the parents of illegitimate children. When these were discovered, they were yoked together, a huge contrivance of wood, with two holes, being fitted to their necks. The penalty was thoroughly well-known, and so there was very little need for the placard on the breasts of the victims, telling of the lapse from virtue for which they were suffering. The guilty pair were forced to carry water up the hill of Nuremberg into the old Castle. It was a very difficult and laborious task. The woman, on the right, would carry the bucket in that hand, whilst the man, on the other side, would bear his burden in his left hand. The weight

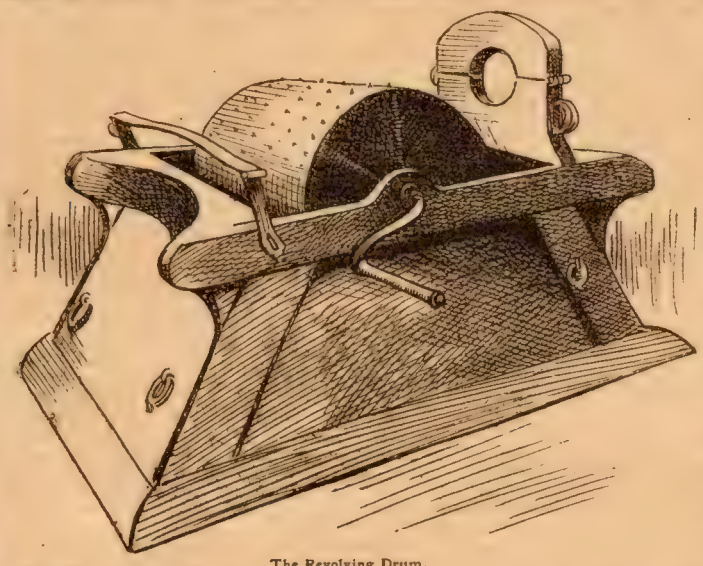


The Ladder.

would cause them to lean apart, and thus pulling against each other, stumbling at every step, with the rough iron buckets continually striking their legs, it only required a couple of journeys up and down the hill to thoroughly exhaust them. But they were kept going until they dropped under their loads, and

were absolutely unable to move another step. Then the yoke was removed, and they were allowed to get to their homes as best they could.

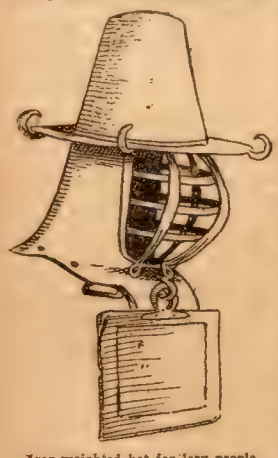
Another instrument from Nuremberg is the torture-ladder, which we illustrate. The contrivance is fifteen feet long, with



The Revolving Drum.

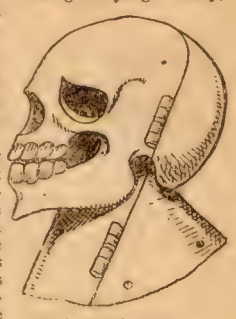
a large number of rungs, all of which are three-cornered, and very sharp. To the hooks at the upper end the victim's hands were fastened with strong ropes. At the other end his feet were tied to ropes, which ran through pulleys. In this way the person so be tortured could be stretched out to breaking point, and in this condition, the whips, or twines, or branding-irons, or whatever was applied, would have the fullest effect, whilst the rungs would cut into the flesh and cause a number of ghastly wounds. Altogether, it was a terrifying machine, and prisoners threatened with it often confessed to save themselves from a closer acquaintance.

Similar in its blood-curdling effect upon the minds of probable victims was the revolving drum, which, by the way, comes from Old Spain. As will be seen from the illustration, it is a hideous instrument, and one which, when the executioners were so ordered, brought about the death of the victim placed upon it. At one end is a kind of stock, into which the person's head was firmly fixed. At the other end is a bar, to which the feet of the man, when he had been stretched to the uttermost, were securely bound. The victim, it may be added, was quite naked, with his body resting upon the drum. This latter was of wood, covered as in the one shown in the picture, with sharp studs, made out of very hard timber. Others were furnished with sharp spikes, the torture being graduated to suit the degree of obstinacy of the victim. It was rarely used as a punishment for crime, but usually as a means to extort evidence or a confession.



Iron-weighted hat for lazy people.

If witness or prisoner remained mute, he was first threatened with the drum, and if this had no effect—sometimes the mere mention of the machine's name was sufficient to effect the purpose of the authorities—the man was immediately placed upon it. Then the handles were slowly turned, and the spokes of the drum revolved, scoring deep wounds in the victim's chest and abdomen. At the end of one complete revolution the man was questioned as to whether he would tell what was required of him or not. In case of a refusal, the operation was continued; but this time a heavy stone was placed upon the victim's back, so that he would be pressing more heavily upon the studs, and would be more severely wounded. As a rule, it is recorded, this was sufficient; but there were some men in those days who, rather than implicate their friends in any crime, elected to suffer the most awful deaths, and the drum with the sharp spikes was one of the instruments which claimed scores of victims. Its effects were almost too horrible to describe. With a diabolical desire to ensure that the spikes should penetrate as far as possible, heavy weights were piled on the back of the already horribly mutilated victim—for, it must be remembered, the least severe of the two machines was always used before the one we are describing was requisitioned. One or two turns of the drum, and the victim would be out of the reach of his torturers. The spikes would completely disembowel him, and death, though the victim suffered extreme agony, was, unlike most of the tortures, rapid. A citizen of Madrid was once threatened with the drum if he would not immediately divulge the names of his accomplices in a conspiracy in which it was alleged that he was engaged. The man hesitated for a moment, and the questioners at once concluded that the names would be forthcoming. Facing the judge boldly, however, the citizen said, "You may torture me, if you like, but I am not at all certain as to which of your names will be forced from me under the stress of torture."



Brank worn by prisoners reprieved from death.

The men forming the court looked at each other. Here, indeed, was someone to be handled with care. These were the days when each man's hand was against his neighbour's. Accusations, based on the flimsiest grounds, were quite sufficient to send a man to his death, whilst a man accused by another whilst under torture was always believed to be guilty of the crime alleged against him. The court was nonplussed, and the citizen was returned to his cell. Soon afterwards he was set at liberty, but he had not been tortured; his ready wit had saved him.

Escaped from Transportation.

IN 1783 the prisons in England were crowded to a degree never before known, and on September 20 of that year no less than fifty-four unhappy wretches were sentenced to death at the Old Bailey, in many of whose cases the extreme penalty of the law was subsequently inflicted.

The greater part of these were malefactors who were being shipped to North America to be sold there as slaves, and who, seizing the vessel, ran it ashore at Deal and escaped. In 1792 Nathaniel Lilley, James Martin, William Allen, John Butcher, and Mary Bryant were charged with returning from transportation before the time of their sentences had expired. The story they told in court was a sad one.

In March, 1791, at Botany Bay, they obtained possession of an old six-oared boat with a lug sail, and, having put on board 100lb. of rice, 200lb. of flour, and 14lb. of pork, which they had clubbed together to purchase, they set forth. They were forced to keep close to the coast to procure supplies of fresh water, and when the weather was very tempestuous they would sometimes haul their boat on shore and sleep, but on all these occasions the savages came down in hundreds to murder them, and were only driven off by the discharge of two old muskets fired in the air over the heads of the natives, who, then unused to firearms, fled in terror at the first shot. They were bound for the Island of Timor, a Dutch settlement, and reached it, after suffering innumerable hardships, after a voyage of 5,000 miles, in ten weeks, having stopped once at a small uninhabited island, where they caught and dried some turtle.

They landed at Cupang, and the governor treated them with great kindness, supposing that they belonged to an English ship which had been wrecked on her passage to New South Wales, but at length, by accident, overhearing a secret conference between them, he found out what they were. The runaways were eleven in number, two being Mary Bryant's children, aged respectively one and three years.

On August 29, 1791, the "Pandora" was wrecked, and the captain and crew came on shore at Cupang, and the governor straightway told the former what he had heard. The miserable creatures were therefore at once shipped for the Cape of Good Hope. How they were treated is not stated, but roughly, it would seem, for two of the men and a child died, and one man fell overboard and was drowned. On their trial the survivors described the hardships they had undergone in the most piteous manner, and we read that the court, in consideration of their sufferings, instead of hanging them, "ordered them to remain on their former sentence until they should be discharged by the course of law."

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again.
—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Act iv., Sc. i.

CHAPTER V.

WITH that terrible scientific precision which has always marked the evidence of the eminent analyst, Dr. Stevenson, Analyst to the Home Office, then gave the result of his investigations. His statement, though of fearful import to the prisoner, can be summed up into the following few lines:—"I found 1/11th of a grain of arsenic in the intestines, with 1½ grains of bismuth; there were traces of arsenic in the kidneys; the liver contained one-third of a grain of the poison with one grain of bismuth. I should say that the whole body contained more than a fatal dose of arsenic. The fly-papers submitted to me contained two grains of arsenic each, which is easily extracted by soaking in water. My experience of many cases of arsenic poisoning agrees with the post-mortem appearances. Arsenic is easily eliminated from the system, and therefore it is highly probable that a much larger dose was taken by the deceased. I have no doubt that the man died from arsenic poisoning." No amount of cross-examination could shake the learned doctor's evidence in the least degree; he adhered to what he had said in every particular, quoting authorities in support of his view. This closed the case for the Crown.

Sir Charles Russell rose to defend his client's life, and to controvert, if possible, the terrible charge which was laid against her.

He asked the jury in the first place to discount the medical evidence; it was a well-known fact that on many matters the faculty were not agreed, and he would bring forward experts to show that it was highly probable that the eminent analyst to the Home Office had made a mistake.

Up to 1881 Mr. Maybrick had been in the habit of taking arsenic, and he contended that the deceased had continued the habit after his marriage. Unfortunately, the defence was unable to show the source from which the drug was obtained. The jury must, however, give the prisoner the benefit of it. So certain was it that Mr. Maybrick used to take arsenic, even after his marriage, that a gentleman heard of the case in America, and had come over to give evidence that the deceased was addicted to arsenic, and was reputed as an arsenic eater in the States.

He had heard from a druggist in Exchange Street, Norfolk, Virginia, that Mr. Maybrick used to come regularly into his shop for "a pick-me-up," which was composed of various drugs, one of which was liquor arsenicalis. Each dose contained from 10 to 15 drops of the liquor—a large dose and one which would only be suitable for a man accustomed to arsenic. It must be remembered that the deceased had suffered much from malarial fever, and he would call evidence to prove that he was in the habit of taking arsenic as an anti-periodic. He felt sure that the jury would agree with him that the unfortunate man had died from the effects of his own habit.

Sir Charles then turned to the judge, and said that, knowing the course which his lordship had hitherto taken in such cases, he would like to ask that his client might be permitted to make a statement in Court.

"I am sorry that this application was not made before. It cannot, of course, be made on oath," replied the judge.*

"But, your lordship, she would like to read a written statement," pursued the leader for the defence.

"Impossible!" commented the judge—"impossible! There is no precedent for written statements."

"May she speak from notes, then?" asked Sir Charles.

"If she makes notes, it is quite possible that she may have been assisted in making them, and may be told what to say, which is not in the interests of justice."

"But if no one has access to her between now and Monday?" suggested the barrister.

"Let it be taken as an order of the Court," said his lordship, "that no one has access to the prisoner between now and Monday." (It was then Saturday afternoon.)

This little point being settled, evidence for the defence was called. The first witness was an American gentleman, named Nicholas B. Nixon, who said he came from Memphis. He had known Mr. Maybrick well in the United States, and knew that he was in the habit of taking arsenic and strychnine for malaria.

He was followed by Richard Thompson, a master mariner, who declared that he had seen Mr. Maybrick go into a drug store in Norfolk, Virginia, and heard him ask for his "desideratum." The desideratum was a pick-me-up containing arsenic in the form of powder.

Then for a change a man of colour entered the box, and swore that while he had been in the service of the deceased on four occasions Mr. Maybrick had sent him for half-a-dollar's worth of arsenic. He had, however, only once seen his master take the drug. This took place while the Maybricks were staying at Norfolk.

The next witness was a Liverpool chemist, named Heaton, who stated that he had known Mr. Maybrick as a customer, though not by name, for eighteen months before October, 1887, and had frequently supplied him with pick-me-ups. At first these draughts contained four drops each of liquor arsenicalis, but after a short time the dose was increased to seven drops. Mr. Maybrick sometimes had as many as five such draughts in a day, and often took away with him a bottle containing from eight to sixteen doses.

Dr. Drysdale, of Liverpool, then gave evidence, and said that the deceased had been a patient of his from November, 1888, to March, 1889. He complained of pains from side to side of his head, creeping all over the brain, which were accompanied by dull headaches. He was never free from pain except in the early morning. The doctor thought that smoking and drinking too much caused the numbness down the left leg of which the patient complained. In cross-examination he declared that he had never prescribed arsenic for Mr. Maybrick.

He was followed in the box by Charles Haydock Tidy, Bachelor of Medicine and Examiner of Forensic Medicine to the London Hospital, the pièce de resistance of the defence. He said that he had had a very wide experience of cases of poisoning, and of arsenic poisoning alone he had examined about forty cases in the last few years. He then gave the usual symptoms of a typical case, but said that he agreed with Dr. Stevenson that in some cases many of these symptoms were absent. He had known one case where all the prominent symptoms were absent, yet the man undoubtedly died from arsenic poisoning. In his opinion there were two characteristic post-mortem appearances to be found in all cases of poisoning by arsenic—one was a general redness all over the stomach and the other was the presence of "petechiæ" above the redness. This latter symptom was pointed out to him by Dr. Sequard.

At this point the judge asked what petechiæ were. The witness replied that they were small blots, and Mr. Addison added that the word was the Italian for flea-bites.

Also there were usually fatty changes in the intestines when the subject had died from the effects of arsenic. In his wide experience he had known many cases where the post-mortem did not bear out the diagnosis. He had known many cases of gastro-enteritis set up where there was no suspicion of or suggestion of arsenical poisoning. In his opinion gastro-enteritis was not idiopathic—that is to say, could not arise of its own accord—but had known cases where sausages, lobsters, and cheese had caused the disease which might well give the same post-mortem appearances as were found in the case of Mr. Maybrick. With regard to the quantity of arsenic said to be present in the body, he thought that the method of analysing a small portion of the liver, for instance, and then multiplying it by the proportion it bore to the whole weight of the organ, was inaccurate. In the case of the intestines it was certainly unreliable, for no two parts of the intestines contained the same amount of arsenic. On the other hand, the witness admitted that arsenic might not be found at all in the body of a person who undoubtedly has died from arsenical poisoning. This last point was fully discussed at the trial of Dr. Smethurst. With regard to Mr. Maybrick's symptoms, he thought that, inasmuch as three or four of the customary symptoms of arsenical poisoning were absent, that it was not probable that he died from that drug. The treatment which the doctors pursued was depressing, and that might account for the loss of power and the numbness. In his opinion Mr. Maybrick died from gastro-

* The law has since that time been altered. Of course nowadays a prisoner can make a statement on oath.—ED.

enteritis of some kind or another, but that the post-mortem symptoms distinctly pointed away from arsenic.

Professor Rawdon Macnamara, Professor of Materia Medica at the Royal College of Surgeons, agreed with the evidence of Dr. Tidy in most of its particulars, but went further than him in regard to the causes which might induce gastro-enteritis. In the case of a man with a weak stomach suffering from dyspepsia and getting wet foods, gastro-enteritis might easily be set up. In his opinion the deceased did not die from arsenic poisoning.

Dr. Frank Thomas Paul agreed with the two previous witnesses, but said that he did not think that the petechial spots which Dr. Humphreys stated were found on the lining of the stomach at the post-mortem were due to arsenic. He believed that death was due to gastro-enteritis. He also said that he had found arsenic in the glazing of pans of American manufacture.

A couple of witnesses were called to prove that arsenic was used as a cosmetic by ladies, and then Sir Charles Russell produced a small pill-box, labelled :

" Taylor Bros., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Norfolk,
" Virginia.
" Contents : Iron, Quinine, and Arsenic.
" One capsule every 3 or 4 hours, to be taken after food.
" Mr. Maybrick."

Mr. Edwin Maybrick here pointed out that his brother had not been in Norfolk since 1884.

The witnesses for the defence having been examined, Mrs. Maybrick advanced to the front of the dock, looking very pale and ill, and began her statement to the Court, making use of some notes which she held. She spoke as follows :

" My Lord,—I wish to make a statement to you—a few remarks in connection with the dreadfully crushing charge that has been made against me, namely, the wilful and deliberate poisoning of my husband and the father of my dear children—and I wish principally to speak of the fly-papers and the bottle of meat essence." (At the mention of her children the prisoner broke down.) " The fly-papers were bought with the intention of using for a cosmetic. Before my marriage, and since for many years, I have been in the habit of using a face-wash prescribed for me by Dr. Graves, of Brooklyn. It consisted principally of arsenic, tincture of benzoline (sic), flower-water, and some other ingredients. This prescription I lost, or mislaid, last April. At that time I was suffering from slight eruption of the face, and I thought I should like to make a substitute myself. I was anxious to remove those eruptions before I went to the ball on the thirtieth of that month. When I was in Germany, many of my young friends used a solution derived from fly-papers, elder-water, and lavender-water, mixed into a face mixture, and then applied to the face when it was well mixed together. I used the fly-papers in the same manner. To avoid evaporation of the scent it was necessary to exclude the air as much as possible, and for that purpose I put a plate over the papers, then one towel, then another, on the top. My mother has been aware for a great many years that I used an arsenical cosmetic. My lord, I now wish to refer to the bottle of meat essence. On Thursday night, the ninth, after Nurse Gore had been in with my husband, I went and sat on the bed by the side of him. He complained to me of feeling sick and very weak and very depressed, and again asked me to get him the powder which he referred to early in the evening, and which I had declined to give him. I was overwrought, terribly anxious, miserably unhappy, and his evident distress utterly unnerved me. As he told me this powder would not harm him, and that I could put it in his food, I then consented. My lord, I had not one true or honest friend in the house. I had no one to consult or no one to advise me. I was deposed from my own position of mistress in my own house, and from the position of attending on my own husband. Notwithstanding that he was so ill, notwithstanding the evidence of nurses and servants, I may say he missed me whenever I was not with him. Whenever I went out of the room he asked for me, and four days before he died I was not allowed to give him a piece of ice without its being taken from my hand. I took the meat-juice into the room, and, in making a rush for the door, I upset the bottle, and, in order to make up the quantity of fluid spilled, I added a considerable quantity of water. On returning to the room I found my husband asleep, and I placed the bottle on the table by the window. When he awoke he had a choking sensation in his throat and vomiting. After that he appeared a little better, and as he did not ask for the powder again, and as I was not anxious to give it to him, I removed the bottle from the small table, where it would attract his attention, to the top of the washstand, where he could not see it. There I left it, my lord, until, I believe, Mr. Michael Maybrick took possession. Until Tuesday, May 14, the Tuesday after my husband's death, until a few minutes before Mr. Bryning made this terrible charge against me, no one in that house had informed me of the fact that a death certificate had been refused and a post-mortem examination had taken place, or that there was any reason to suppose that my husband had died from other than natural causes. It was only when Mrs. Briggs alluded to the presence of arsenic in the meat-juice that I was made aware of the nature of the powder my husband had asked me to give him. I then attempted to make an explanation to Mrs. Briggs, such as I am now making to your lordship, when a policeman interrupted the conversation and put a stop to it. In conclusion, I only wish to add that, for the love of our children and for the sake of their future, a perfect reconciliation had taken place between us, and on the day before his death I made a full and free confession to him and received his entire forgiveness for the dreadful wrong I had done him."

There was a profound silence in court for a few moments after the prisoner sat down, and then Sir Charles Russell rose to make one final effort to establish the innocence of the lady in the dock. He impressed upon the jury the fact that Mrs. Maybrick had elected to stand her trial in Liverpool, although she was quite entitled to have the *venue* changed to London on account of local prejudice which might be against her on account of her husband's popularity. Then he told them how, up to 1889, there had never been the slightest suggestion that the marriage had been an unhappy one. He laid great stress on the anxiety which the prisoner had shown from time to time concerning certain drugs which she thought her husband was taking, and which she said did not agree with him and made him irritable. After this Sir Charles reviewed the leading points of the story, emphasising those matters which might bear a favourable interpretation and glossing over the fall in London as an action " committed in a moment of weakness." He begged the jury to remember the true explanation of Mr. Maybrick's illness as given by the prisoner to the servants—viz., that he had taken a double dose of the London medicine.

" And when the deceased was taken ill, what did the wife do? " asked counsel—" the wife who had entered on this dark path of crime."

According to the prosecution, she went down to the kitchen and got some mustard and water for him, and tended him throughout the night, sending for the doctor when his condition did not improve.

Coming to the time of Mr. Maybrick's last illness, counsel reminded the jury of Mrs. Maybrick's solicitude, of her sending for a doctor, and for a trained nurse, of her attention to her husband until she was deposed from her place in the household, and saw her husband handed over to the care of hirelings. Even then she used every artifice to be in the room with him, for she felt that he wanted her.

The letter which Nurse Yapp received, he thought, was opened by design, and the dropping it in the mud was merely an excuse to pry into the doings of the mistress, against whom suspicion had been directed by the brothers of the dead man. Even the letter, he declared, was not read in the right light; it was not the letter of a guilty woman, but was the outpourings of a foolish, and, possibly, a sinful woman.

The medical evidence, the eminent barrister submitted, was open to grave doubt. Surely more arsenic should have been found in the body after death? The theory of the prosecution was, that on April 27th a dose of arsenic was given to the deceased, and that small doses were administered almost up to the time of his death, Dr. Carter going still further and suggesting that a second large dose was given on May 3rd. The jury must remember these things. Poison is supposed to have been administered for either fourteen or eight days, and yet very little is found in the body.

" And what," he asked, " was Mrs. Maybrick's conduct when under suspicion? She knew that she was suspected by her brothers-in-law, but she made no alteration in her mode of life, she made no attempt to remove anything which might have incriminated her. Was that the act of a guilty woman?"

" If a woman had the nerve and fibre enough to commit this foul murder," thundered Sir Charles, " she would have had enough to conceal the traces which would lead to its discovery."

Why did the prisoner, the lady in the dock, use fly-papers to extract arsenic from when she knew that there was a large

quantity of arsenic in the house? That was a problem to solve. And what of her statement to the court? It was not on oath, for the law did not give it that sanction, but it had weight, the weight of an innocent woman's word, and the jury should pay attention to it. He felt certain that in leaving the issue in the hands of a Liverpool jury his client would receive what she desired, not mercy, but justice.

When Sir Charles Russell had finished his address, Mr. Addison rose to speak for the Crown. He commenced by paying a very high tribute to the eloquence of "his learned friend," and said that in no hands could the prisoner's interests have been better placed. Then he warmed to his work, and, while declaring to the jury that he had not the slightest wish to efface any favourable impression which the counsel for Mrs. Maybrick had made on their mind, he recapitulated the evidence for the prosecution, and pointed out the weak spots in the testimony for the defence.

"After all," he declared, "there was very little evidence to prove that Mr. Maybrick was an arsenic eater." The evidence of a sea captain who had known him to take pick-me-ups occasionally, years ago; the word of a black servant who on four occasions had been sent for arsenic, but who had only seen his master take it once. The evidence of the chemist Heaton required the addition of the fact that when Mr. Maybrick went to obtain a draught containing Fowler's solution of arsenic from him he produced a physician's prescription.

The evidence of Mr. Maybrick's questioning various doctors about his health all tended to establish the fact that he was a prudent man in matters affecting his constitution, and not the rash drug taker which the defence wished to make him out to be. Again, in Norfolk, he was never made ill by medicine, and never took medicines unless he was ill.

What did the jury think of the secrecy which Mrs. Maybrick imposed on all to whom she complained of her husband's habit of taking drugs? It was suspicious, too, the manner in which the arsenic was hidden in the house. Did they want a motive for the crime? Was not the prisoner an adultress on her own confession, and was it not possible that, having fallen into the way of sinners, she sought to free herself from the only tie which held her back from the man she was infatuated with? He contended that there was no valid defence, and asked for justice as the prisoner did.

It was late on the fifth day of the trial when Mr. Addison concluded, and the court adjourned till the following morning.

Punctually at ten o'clock on August the 6th, Mr. Justice Stephen commenced his summing up, which lasted a day and a half. With the most minute detail he steadily worked his way through the mass of evidence, placing the conflicting items side by side, so that the jury might get a clear idea of the case as a whole. When he came to the testimony of the medical men, he said that there were many contradictions, but that he thought that the evidence of Dr. Carter was specially valuable, because he saw the deceased while he was alive, and he had no previous history to go upon, since he saw him for the first time when he was called in to consult with Dr. Humphreys.

The medical experts differed widely in their views of the case. If all in court were to believe one scientist, they would avoid sausages, lobsters, and cheese in future.

There were apparently two possibilities if Mr. Maybrick died of arsenic poisoning; one that he put the arsenic in the places where it was found for his own use, and took it himself, the other that it was put there by some person who administered it to him, and if this last was the true solution of the mystery, then the prisoner was that person.

The learned judge said that he referred to the letter to Brierly with great reluctance, for it told heavily against the prisoner. Why did she write that "he was sick unto death" when no one thought Mr. Maybrick seriously ill? To come to the statement made by the prisoner, how did the "white powder" get into the meat juice? There was none lying about on any of the tables in the room, or, at least, none had been mentioned in the trial, and he would be glad if any of the gentlemen for the defence would explain the point if there was. Look, too, at the prisoner's great anxiety for so long at her husband's habit of taking drugs—"a white powder"—secretly, which she declared to several persons used to do him great harm; was it natural to suppose that, knowing the harm that the drug did him when well, a wife would give such a powder, of which she did not know the nature, to her husband when he was grievously ill? The judge dwelt on this point for some time, and then passed on to the quantity of arsenic which was found in the house and on Mrs. Maybrick's handkerchief, and, after her committal for trial, in the pockets of her dressing-gown.

Remarking then that he did not wish to dwell on the question of the adultery, which would serve no useful purpose, and would be painful to all parties, and, saying that he would not prolong his closing words, Mr. Justice Stephen abruptly dismissed the jury to consider their verdict.

As soon as the jury had retired, there was much comment in court on the judge's summing up, which many thought was much against the prisoner, and remarks far from complimentary were heard in various parts of the building.

After an absence of only thirty-five minutes, the jury returned into the court, and Mrs. Maybrick was again placed in the dock. The Clerk of the Court called over their names, and then said:

"How say you, gentlemen, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"GUILTY!"

was the dreadful verdict delivered by the foreman on behalf of his fellow-jurymen.

The prisoner received the blow as if struck, and her head sunk on her hand till it nearly touched her knee, but in a moment or two she recovered, and advanced firmly to the bar.

"Florence Elizabeth Maybrick," continued the Clerk, in the hard, official tones with which frequenters at the assize courts are so familiar, "you have been found guilty of wilful murder. Have you anything to say why the court should not pronounce sentence upon you?"

In a scarcely audible voice the poor woman replied:

"Although I have been found guilty, with the exception of my intimacy with Mr. Brierly, I am not guilty of this crime."

Mr. Justice Stephen, having assumed the black cap, then passed sentence as follows:

"Prisoner at the bar, I am no longer able to treat you as being innocent of the dreadful crime laid to your charge. You have been convicted by a jury of this city, after a lengthy and most painful investigation, followed by a defence which was in every respect worthy of the case. The jury have convicted you, and the law leaves me no discretion, and I must pass on you the sentence of the law, and this sentence of the law is: This court doth ordain you to be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, and that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and that your body be afterwards buried within the precincts of the prison in which you shall have been confined after your conviction, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

During the passing of the sentence two female warders had stood behind the prisoner to be ready in case she required support, but she stood erect and listened to her doom in a dazed sort of manner, and then, bowing slightly to the court, turned and descended the steps from the dock without any assistance.

We have said that popular feeling in Liverpool ran high, and when the verdict was pronounced by the foreman of the jury, there were some hisses in court, which were promptly suppressed. Outside, the throng, which had stood all day waiting to learn the result of the trial, commenced hooting and hissing when the conclusion of the trial was made known, and their yells could be heard in the court.

Mr. Justice Stephen thanked the jury for their services, and dismissed them, granting them the customary exemption from jury service for six years. Then he left the court.

When he got outside, a scene followed which was almost unprecedented in England. As soon as the judge passed the doors of St. George's Hall he was mobbed by a crowd of about a thousand men—mostly, to their shame be it said, of the upper classes—and was escorted to his carriage under the protection of constables, and accompanied by the hooting of the throng to his official residence. This disgraceful exhibition was prompted by the foolish idea that the judge could have ensured the prisoner's acquittal if he had wished to do so. How foolish this idea was is now known, since Mrs. Maybrick owes her escape from the gallows, in a large measure, to the exertions of the judge who tried and sentenced her.

No sooner had the public been made aware of the conviction of Mrs. Maybrick than the whole country went "Maybrick mad," and nothing but the impending fate of the merchant's widow was talked about. Petitions were opened for signature all over Great Britain and America, and thousands, almost millions, flocked to add their names to the list of those who sought to save the prisoner from the scaffold. The fever even ran so high that a question was asked in the House of Commons as to whether the Home Secretary intended to advise her Majesty Queen Victoria to exercise the Royal prerogative of mercy in this instance.

As days went on, and the date fixed for the execution grew nearer, redoubled exertions on the part of the agitators kept up the popular excitement, and notice of the pardon and re-

lease of Mrs. Maybrick was daily expected. Persons without the slightest knowledge of medicine discussed the medical evidence, and formed valuable opinions thereon, which they posted to the Home Office, and the clerks there were kept busy sorting out the sense and nonsense!

year after year sees some new "Maybrick petition" started in this country. The latest rumour, and one which has more probability in it than most of these authorless tales, is to the effect that King Edward will pardon Mrs. Maybrick in April, 1904. Americans firmly believe this; many predicted that she

WILL IT NEVER COME?

At last, on the 22nd of August, it was officially announced that the sentence of death pronounced on Mrs. Maybrick was to be commuted to penal servitude for life, on the ground that "though she undoubtedly did give and attempt to give arsenic to her husband, yet it was not clearly established that his death was due to that arsenic."

Still the interest in the "Maybrick case" did not die, for no fewer than sixteen attempts were made by Americans to secure the pardon of the central figure of this story, while

would have been released at the King's accession or at his Coronation, and one paper went so far as to announce that Mrs. Maybrick was released on February the 14th, 1902.

And where is Mrs. Maybrick now? There is at present only one female convict prison in England, situated at Aylesbury, and it is there that Mrs. Maybrick has been confined since August, 1889. Dartmoor, Portland, and all the male penal establishments have something forbidding about them, but Aylesbury savours more of the convent than of the prison.

The uniform of the convicts is neat, and not repulsive, work is light, and suited to the convict's physique, and the wardresses are kindly. For employment, Mrs. Maybrick has been taught bookbinding, and if permission to go over the prison is obtained from the Home Secretary, she may be seen wearily getting through her daily task, seeming to have little interest in life or in anything that goes on round about her.

Still there is ever in her mind the possibility of pardon coming, and she prays for the day when the coveted document shall be brought to her cell. Imagine the mental agony of this poor woman as day by day passes and still no end to her imprisonment. The accompanying verses, written by her in the solitude of her dungeon, faintly express the longing which possesses her soul:

Unanswered yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years.
Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those failing years?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer,
You shall have your desire—some time—somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,
The Lord will answer you—some time—somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted.
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done,
The work begun when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there
His glory you shall see—some time—somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock.
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thundershock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer
And cries "It shall be done—some time—somewhere."

And there we leave her till the Royal clemency is extended to her, and she once more is at liberty to move and have her being with the free, but as we lay aside our pen the thought still lingers in our minds—

WAS MRS. MAYBRICK GUILTY?

Tried Three Times.

IN 1885 one of the composing staff of the Lahore "Civil and Military Gazette," in fact a colleague of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, belonged to the volunteers; his services had been accepted for active service, so he went to fetch his rifle with its bayonet fixed thereon. The "chowkedar," or native policeman, to show that he was awake, ran against the comp., and impaled himself on his bayonet, fatal consequences ensuing. The comp. was tried for murder, and was acquitted. He was again tried for manslaughter, and was acquitted by six votes to three. Once more was he put upon his trial for carrying arms in a recklessly dangerous way. He was acquitted by seven votes to two. Mr. Spitta, Q.C., who was acting as Commissioner, in the absence of a judge, thought for a long time, but at last consented to accept the verdict—a course of action which was not compulsory.

Those who know their India know that these chowkedars come from the thieves' caste. Their being employed at all is only so much blackmail. They generally sleep all night, but employ a boy to wake them when the sahib comes home of a night, and then they flourish a bamboo to some purpose. This particular one was unlucky to tumble against a fixed bayonet.

In India the Crown can challenge a juryman without giving any reason. Of course a prisoner can challenge without giving any reason. But the first thing a prisoner usually does is to look at a juryman's colour, and, if it show a touch of the tar-brush, the prisoner indulges in a contemptuous jerk of the left thumb over the left shoulder. Nobody has ever thought of flattering the Eurasian ("Eurasian" means a man half European and half Asiatic) by electing to be tried by a jury all Eurasians, a thing that could easily be brought about by challenging all the white men that were brought forward. Such a course of action might well be a last shot in a guilty man's locker. In India there is a scarcity of white civilians for jury purposes. Consequently officers and N.C.O.'s of the King's Army, and of the Indian Army, have to take their turn as jurymen. There are no punkahs allowed in Court, but there are "thermantidotes," *i.e.*, wheels made of cuscus grass, with their floats constantly passing through water, driving air cooled by the evaporation through shafts into the room. Naturally "his honour" does not wear a wig. When the jury retire for lunch, they are provided with soda-water and ice, at the expense of the Government of India, but unless one has had the forethought to bring some whisky they have to go without.

THE CREWE PARRICIDES.

THE BROTHERS DAVIES

A Tale of Two Lads who Killed their Father to Protect their Mother.

"Condemn the fault and not the actor of it."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Measure for Measure."

PART I.

AT the commencement of the closing decade of the last century there lived in the village of Hough, a suburb of the populous railway centre of Crewe, one Richard Davies. By trade he was a tailor, and carried on his business in Crewe itself, with the assistance of a couple of his sons, George and Richard. The entire family at Hough consisted of eight souls, including the tailor and his wife, and rumour throughout the district said that matters were far from comfortable in the Davies ménage.

Of the family we have only to deal with a few members. The man of cloth and shears was a surly, bad-tempered fellow, overbearing to a degree, and possessed with the idea that he was the only person worth considering on this earth. He was a good tailor, and a fair business man, but he was continually making enemies, and carried this trait so far that even his own immediate relations could not bear him. He was essentially a selfish man, and added to this most disagreeable characteristic that of a bully. Even his own wife was not spared by Richard Davies, sen., for he repeatedly thrashed her for supposed sins of omission or commission.

Mrs. Davies was a weak, devoted woman, who lived solely for her family, and who pitied her husband for his great brutality to her rather than blamed him for it. She accepted the protection of her sons at times, but afterwards always felt that she had been undutiful to her lord and master in not permitting him to work his sweet will on her. Those who knew her said that she was a very affectionate and lovable woman, and when the great sorrow of her life fell on her, she had hosts of real sympathisers. By her children she was adored, but especially so by her sons Richard and George.

Richard Davies, junior, who, unfortunately, becomes the central figure in this sad story, was a youth of chivalrous ideas. He felt for all who were oppressed, and grieved deeply, while quite a child, over the misery in which his mother lived, swearing that when he reached man's estate his mother should no longer be without a protector. As a schoolboy he invariably took the part of the weak, and many a bully has had reason to remember how his prospective delight in tormenting a younger lad has been frustrated by the valiant Richard, who was, it must be admitted, always ready to make a good fight.

In all things he was readily followed by his younger brother George, who was almost as impetuous as he was. The two often discussed, while yet children, the deliberate cruelty of their father, and vowed that a time would come when they who then had to stand idly by and see their beloved mother suffer would be able to take her part and restrain the violence of their unnatural parent. Richard, two years his senior, exercised a great influence over George, and the couple were very closely united by bonds of similar feeling as well as by the natural ties of blood relationship.

These were the principal figures with whom we shall have to do in this living drama, but we shall also have to mention John Davies, another son of the Crewe tailor, and his sister Emily. Both of these were sincerely attached to their mother, though in different ways, the girl naturally knowing more of the domestic hardships which her mother had to bear, while the son resented the cruelty of his father, though he had no idea of the straits to which Mrs. Davies was put from time to time.

As the boys left school, Richard Davies, sen., took them into his own business, and taught them the whole art of tailoring. John was rather a spirited youngster, and resented the hard manner in which he was treated in his father's establishment, especially before the employees, so he told his parents one day that he would never work any more for the firm of Davies and Co., and started off on his own account.

He also lived apart from the Hough house, by himself, thus becoming totally independent. Richard was taken into the shop in due course, and later George joined the staff.

This was the exact position of affairs in January, 1890. Richard, who used to reach Crewe early in the morning, and used to open the shop, was in the habit of leaving some time before his father and brother, who did not put in an appearance till later in the day, and who used to close the establishment.

Richard used to walk home, but his younger brother was taken in the pony-trap with his father, acting as groom as well as assistant. It may also be mentioned that Richard Davies, sen., was not above applying the whip destined for the pony to his young son if he showed any restiveness under the close surveillance in which he was kept.

On Saturday, the 25th of January, 1890, Richard set out from the shop in Victoria Street, Crewe, apparently to walk home as usual, leaving his father, attended by George, behind to pay the men and see the premises closed for the Sabbath. He walked along at a moderate pace, and reached home about half-past ten or twenty minutes to eleven. He had not been in for more than ten minutes when the door was rudely burst open by George, who looked white and scared, and who panted out that the carriage had been stopped in the lane near the house.

When the lad got his breath, he continued, "We passed through Gresly village, where father got out and had a drink at the inn, and then we came on towards Hough. The night was very dark, and as the trap was passing through the lane which led to Hough, two men sprang from the hedges, one from each side. One caught the pony's head. It was too dark to see who he was. I whipped up the pony and did my best to make him go on, but he would not. Then I got out of the carriage. Just then the other man hit father on the head with a stick, and, as he bent forward, caught hold of him and pulled him out of the trap on to the ground. There was some struggle. I saw this, and immediately ran off towards Hough to get help, but was seen by the other man, who ran off after me as hard as he could. Looking round, I saw that he wore dark clothes, and had a stiff hat on, but I could not clearly distinguish his features. Seeing that he could not catch me before I reached home, he stopped and went back again."

Richard was horrified at this, and immediately put on his boots again and set off for the house where John was living, and repeated the dreadful narrative which he had just heard to him.

The two brothers started at once down the road, and had only gone a short distance when they found a figure lying prostrate on the ground. They turned it over, and saw that it was the poor Crewe tailor. His head was absolutely battered in. He was dead.

Richard at once proposed that they should carry the body off the roadway, so that it should not be run over, and with the assistance of John this was done.

A hue and cry was at once given, and the police were very prompt in coming on the scene. About fifty feet from the spot where the body had been found there were distinct evidences of a severe struggle having taken place, the earth being torn up and scraped by the edges of boots, while blood spots were plainly visible with the aid of the constables' lanterns. Fifty yards further on the pony was contentedly grazing by the side of the roadway.

FOUND A FIGURE LYING PROSTRATE ON THE GROUND.

Inquiry at the nearest house, some couple of hundred yards distant, showed that no noise had been heard.

On examining the body of Richard Davies, it was found that he had been robbed, for it was known that he had left Crewe with ten pounds in gold in his pockets, and only sixpence was found on him. Nevertheless, his watch, though torn out of his pocket, was not missing. This led the authorities to think that the primary cause of the great outrage was plunder, and it was remembered that some years previously the deceased had been stopped at about the same spot.

The remains were reverently removed to Hough, and the police made further searches. Near the scene of the crime a blood-stained bucket was found, and it looked as if it had been used to bash in the brains of the murdered man. Later, a ragged staff, or bough of a tree, was discovered, also drenched in blood.

The police were active, but very cautious. They obtained

from the doctors who were charged with examining the body a full description of the injuries which the unfortunate man had received, and from this they judged that though the pail and staff might have been used, still there were several cuts which could only have been done with a cutting instrument, since they were clean, and had definite terminations, showing that the weapon must have had a blade of about two inches in breadth.

Naturally, there was an inquest, when the doctor informed Mr. Coroner that death was due to the wounds on the head. Formal identification of the remains was taken, and the inquest adjourned for a week.

Superintendent Leah had a firm impression in his mind that the majority of the wounds, which will be described later, had been caused with a small chopper, or cleaver, and he set to work to find out what had become of that little weapon. He casually dropped into the Davies's house, and asked to be allowed to have a look round, which was readily granted.

The Cleaver was Produced.

In the outhouse he saw a bundle of wood which had been recently chopped.

"Who chopped that wood?" he asked.

"I did," replied Richard.

"Where is the chopper with which it was cut?" was the next question.

"Oh, it is outside. I will fetch it."

The police officer felt that he had made a mistake, but when the cleaver was produced, and he saw that it was covered with dust and rust, and had obviously not been used for several years, he was reassured. However, he said nothing at that time, and went away in peace.

Search parties which had been organised by the superintendent came in later with the blood-stained handle of a small combination axe. One of those handy weapons which have a hammer on one side and a little chopper on the other. This led to further inquiries, and the wily officer managed to find out that a similar instrument had been in the Davies's house, and had been missing since the previous Friday. This was corroborated by the sister of Richard and George Davies, and accordingly the superintendent felt justified in taking the two brothers into custody. This took place on the Wednesday afternoon.

On the Thursday, the friends and relatives—for the two were widely different—of the deceased met to see the whilom tailor laid in his last resting place. The cemetery was reached, and the coffin laid on the boards across the narrow grave where it was to remain till the Judgment Day. At the head of the tomb stood the chaplain reading the service for the burial of the dead. Then came the moment when the coffin was to be lowered into the sepulchre. The customary bands were pulled, and the casket held while the boards were removed, but there was a hitch; the grave had been dug too small for its occupant. Some delay took place while the head of the grave was cut away to permit of the interment being properly completed. Again the coffin was lifted over the yawning pit, and again lowered, but this time also it refused to fit into the hollow prepared for it.

This grievous delay, and these two incidents, had a very marked effect on the spectators, some of whom were genuinely sorry at the loss of Mr. Davies, and were much upset at this prolongation of the agony. A third attempt at burying the victim of the murder was made, and was successful, though the casket did not even then fit its receptacle comfortably. However, it was near enough, and the mourners departed, while the workmen filled in the grave and rammed the earth down on to all that remained of the late Richard Davies.

At the next sitting of the inquest, held by Mr. Coroner Churton, the two prisoners were not present. Dr. Matthews stated that he had made two post-mortems on the deceased, and had found that there were nine wounds on the head, some caused by a blunt instrument and some by a cutting weapon such as an axe. The thumb of the right hand was severed, and hung only by a thread of skin, while two fingers of the same hand had been broken. The skull was badly fractured, and the brain extensively injured. Asked by the coroner why he had made a second post-mortem, he replied that it was at the request of Superintendent Leah.

"Don't you know," remarked the pompous coroner, "that I am the only person who can authorise a second post-mortem?"

"I was unaware of the fact," responded the doctor.

"Then make a note of it in future," snapped Mr. Churton.

Superintendent Leah was apparently the offender in this matter, so he was next selected by the coroner for a "wigging." He was asked why he had not brought the prisoners into court, and was reprimanded for not having done so, but the clever superintendent, who had had a vast experience of murder cases, informed the coroner that he could not be compelled to produce prisoners without the sanction of the Home Secretary. On this the presiding officer was quiet, and called on Inspector Oldham to give evidence. The latter did so formally, stating what he knew of the arrest, and charging of the two youths. Then he was asked if he could not give some information regarding certain confessions which the youths were said to have made. This was the chance for the police. The coroner had overstepped the bounds of his authority again, and the inspector made the most of it by deferentially remarking:

"After your ruling I have nothing to say."

With this the court had to be content for the time being, and a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown," was returned.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

The Sheikh's Sins.

Cairo was plunged into profound consternation by the discovery of an appalling crime—or, rather, series of crimes—perpetrated by a religious recluse, Sheikh Hamuda Berda, noted for curing female patients by holy spells, imparted to him by the prophets. Women came from all parts to solicit his intercession with Allah on their behalf. The wife of an Egyptian officer betook herself to his residence for this purpose. Not returning home in due time, her husband applied to the Cairo police, and search was instituted. To the horror of the young officer, his wife's body was found, with several other female corpses, thrust into a huge cistern, standing in the sheikh's garden. The cistern, in fact, was brimful of murdered women. Hamuda Berda was arrested on the spot, and conveyed to prison, and subsequently confessed to the Cadi that for some time past, whenever consulted by a lady with rich jewels or other property, he invited her to walk in the garden, where he would strangle her, despoil her remains, and fling her into the cistern.

THE Molmutian laws were those made by Dunvallo Molmutius, the sixteenth King of Britain, who began his reign about 400 B.C., and were famous in this country till the time of William the Conqueror, who was the first King that established laws in Britain.

Poisons;

THE MYSTERIOUS DRUGS which silently deal death, now popularly described for the first time.

SECRET POISONING.

THERE has always been a strange fascination for mankind about poisons. The idea of striking an enemy from a distance and remaining unharmed oneself has attracted nearly all the really evil people from the commencement of the world. As we have said in another place, the first use of poison was to tip arrow heads with, and the very Greek word, toxicon, which expresses poison, means literally that into which arrows are dipped. The introduction of poisons into the system in that method was, however, crude, and it was not long before more scientific means were sought after. Tradition and history tell us of many and marvellous plans adopted by the miscreants of the middle ages for poisoning their enemies, and, naturally, food became the principal medium for the administration of poison.

Of the poisons administered by means of food we have already given our readers a brief sketch; there are, however, a few which have not been included in the category which we have published, and which may be of interest to notice before we pass on to the other methods of poisoning which have been adopted throughout the world.

In the year 1874 the whole world was convulsed by the news that the reigning Prince of Baroda had attempted to poison the British Minister at his Court by administering to him ground diamonds in his food. As can be readily imagined, the poison is not one which would commend itself to a poor man, and has the peculiar merit of being tasteless. The Resident, Colonel Phayre, detected the attempt, and the Gaikwar was brought to trial and deposed. The action of powdered diamonds and of powdered glass is purely a mechanical one. The foreign substance acts as an irritant, and sets up an ulcer in the wall of the stomach, which speedily causes death.

About the same time there was a sensational trial in France of a young lady who adopted another of the truly Oriental methods to rid herself of an inconvenient rival. She obtained a large quantity of stiff bristles, and, having chopped them up very finely, administered them in food to her enemy. She nearly succeeded in her foul purpose, but through an accident was detected and sent to the galleys for a long term. Her action inspired the novelist, Mr. James Payn, with one of the most dramatic incidents in his novel, "Halves." In that work he makes one of his characters attempt to poison her niece by feeding her on chopped horse-hair. Apparently the brilliant writer was unaware of the fact that horse-hair, unlike bristles, is softened by the gastric juice, and would be innocuous.

The inoculation of hairs with the germs of disease, and the subsequent transmission of the disease to the intended victim, is also not unknown in the East, and has been the cause of a certain amount of trouble to our Indian Office.

Next on the list of secret poisoning schemes comes the poisoned garments which were immensely popular in the days of the Borgias. The garments were strongly impregnated with salts of mercury and arsenic. In those days people were not so fond of bathing as they are now, and the irritation set up by the active agents formed the very reason why the unsuspecting victim did not bathe. The poison was absorbed by the skin, and the obnoxious person succumbed. The poisoned shirt was a great favourite, and was freely used by those who had an enemy to dispose of. Nowadays, one would be rather offended if one received a shirt as a present, but in the middle ages, when linen was costly, and only worn by the wealthy, the present of a shirt was quite fashionable, and to refuse the gift savoured of suspicion. The shirt was prepared thus. After the garment had been washed, the tail was soaked in a very strong solution of corrosive sublimate, or of arsenic, and then allowed to dry. The effect of the drug was to set up a violent irritation of the skin, which rapidly developed into dermatitis. The patient took to his bed, and the medical men were called in, when they invariably adjudged him to be suffering from syphilis. Large doses of mercury were then ordered, and, of course, that augmented the disease to which the patient succumbed.

The poison rings which were so popular in the dark ages of European history were of two kinds. One contained a small needle impregnated with some poison, such as cobra poison, that entered the system of the person who was scratched with the ornament, and the other which contained a cavity for holding a small quantity of a powerful poison. The last kind was really a protective ring, and was worn by persons who knew that their position exposed them to the danger of being tried and executed, and who wished to avoid the tortures which invariably preceded judicial death. Specimens of both are to be found in most good collections of ancient rings.

The poisoned goblet was prepared with arsenic, as we have previously mentioned. A toad was selected and filled full with the drug. His head was then pricked, and the juices from the body allowed to run into the goblet. When the reptile was dead his body was crushed up in the goblet, which was then supposed to be poisoned for ever. There is little doubt that a vessel treated as above described would be perfectly harmless, but it is probable that the contents of the cup were also doctored to make success a certainty. The old poisoners were nothing if not thorough, and one cannot believe that they would trust to a goblet which even one experiment would have proved to be useless.

But did secret poisoning only exist in the middle ages? We fear not. There occurred in France, in the early nineties, a curious case which certainly bore every appearance of a deliberate attempt at secret poisoning. A lady who had been living very unhappily with her husband applied to a doctor for some atropine for her dog's eyes. The medico gave her a prescription, which she copied several times, and laid in a stock of the poison. Shortly afterwards her husband was taken ill, and it was noticed that his eyes were very much dilated. When he was almost at the last gasp, the doctors suspected that the case was one of atropine poisoning, and treated him for that, when he took a turn for the better and recovered. The lady was charged with attempted poisoning, and brought a large number of medical witnesses to defend her, but the court decided that she was guilty, and she was sent to the galleys for five years.

There are other means of poisoning people secretly, other than the administration of drugs actually labelled "poison." For instance, there is nothing criminal in offering a man a glass of green chartreuse liqueur after dinner, and chatting to him while he sips it. Nor is there anything distinctly suspicious in suggesting that he shall have a cup of green tea when he goes to the billiard-room after dinner. But in the conjunction of the two beverages there is a criminal act. For some reason or other the two form a very well-defined poison, and one that is easily fatal. Tobacco is generally regarded as a harmless luxury, and the devotees of the pipe would say that one was a fanatic anti-tobacco adherent if one suggested that in the sedative weed there lurked a poison as deadly as prussic acid. Yet that is the strict truth. Nicotine is not, as people will assert, the black, oily matter which is to be found in the stem of the pipe. It is a limpid, colourless fluid contained in the tobacco, and very readily extracted from it. The secret poisoner who is a bit of a chemist has only to extract a little nicotine from cigars of the same brand, impregnate the mouth end of one or two others, and offer a cigar to his rival. If the cigars are of the same brand, the doctored cigar will not be noticeable, and the trick is done. The victim will develop symptoms of nicotine poisoning, which he and his doctor will ascribe to his having smoked too much. It may not kill him, but the chances are very much against him. How do you extract the nicotine? you ask. Well, that is a secret of the chemist, and a further secret of the scientist is the absolute certainty with which he can detect either of the above methods of poisoning if called upon to do so. They are mentioned here merely to show how danger may lurk in the simplest thing, and how even a mixture of drinks may be fatal. There are many other combinations which are noxious, but which wisdom compels us to omit.

Shooting in Church.

Father Bakenowski, Chaplain to the Catholic Poles in London, while officiating at the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, was fired at by Alexander Schossa, a Milanese, while in the act of raising the host. The bullet lodged in the altar. Schossa then fired four shots in succession, but without wounding anyone. He then rushed to the altar, throwing down the candlesticks, breaking open the tabernacle, and injuring the pyx, chalice and other sacred vessels, finally setting fire to the altar linen and antependium, a gift of the ladies of Genoa, and valued at £150. The total damage done to the church was estimated at £1,000. After a struggle, in which Schossa defended himself with a dagger, he was secured by Father Arkell and others. Subsequently he was tried, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

MACHIAVELLI,

THE MAN—NOT THE PRESENTMENT.

"A countenance more in sorrow than in anger."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Hamlet."

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI, the son of Bernardo and Bartolomea, the daughter of Stefano Nelli, was born at Florence on the 3rd of May, 1469. Both his parents were descended from noble families, who had filled with dignity the first offices of the State, and as his father followed the profession of the law, it is probable that he intended his son for the same employment. But as young minds are frequently captivated with the splendours of military life, and as the profession of arms at that period was attended with great honours and emoluments, princes becoming frequently tributary to generals and partizans, it is somewhat more than probable that he spent his earlier years in the field, where he acquired that profound knowledge in the art of war which he displayed in his very ingenious treatise on that subject.

It may also be conjectured that his poems and plays were some of his first productions, and also the "Marriage of Belphegor," which, in point of style, humour, and invention, is esteemed as a proof of his powers in this species of writing.

His comedies are very elegant, the language pure, and the dialogue spiritual; but the many indecencies they contain somewhat discounts their merit in the light of appreciation in the present day. They were, however, frequently trotted out, and even at Rome, by the particular command of the Pope. It is very probable that the construction of his play, "Il Frati," was in great measure responsible for that virulent persecution his works fell under several years after his decease, and which culminated in the condemnation of his "Prince" in 1592. His poetical performances are hasty, incorrect compositions, but interspersed with many strokes of genius.

The dissensions which the Republic of Florence laboured under at this time rendered it no difficult matter for a person of Machiavelli's parts, and active spirits, to advance himself in the State. Accordingly, we find him, in 1502, employed in ambassadorial duty to Duke Vaventine; and it is a strong proof of his great penetration and abilities that he conducted his negotiations both to the approbation of the factious Florentines, and also that of Cæsar Borgia, the most base, insidious man of that age.

Machiavelli has been censured for having an intimate connection with this prince, and for being a friend to his principles and designs; but his letters during the period referred to sufficiently absolve him from these insinuations, and prove him to have been superior even to the artifices of Borgia.

In 1503 he was sent in a public character to the Court of Rome, in which he conducted himself with excellent diplomacy, and his letters on this subject are looked upon as fine models of public business acumen. In this year he was also Secretary to the Council of State, and conveyed their instructions to Tebalducci Malespini, commissary of the Florentine troops employed against Pisa.

In 1504 he went as ambassador to the Court of France, and in the following year he was sent by the Republic to solicit Gianpaolo Baglioni to undertake the command of their troops, which had been defeated by the Pisans. The next year again he was sent as ambassador to Rome, and he attended Julius II. in his expedition against Perugia and Bologna.

In the years 1510 and 1511 we find him in the office of Secretary of State, in which he acquitted himself with great elegance and precision, and his letters on this occasion show his disposition in a better light from that which is collected from his political writings, for he here appears to be a person of the utmost candour, moderation, and integrity of heart.

From the above period to his death he was probably out of favour with the reigning factor in the State, and, retiring from public life, employed himself in writing the "History of Florence," the "Prince," and the "Political Dissertations on the First Decade of Livy," which remain lasting monuments of his ability.

In the "History of Florence," his violent antipathy to a monarchical government is supposed to have induced him sometimes to swerve from truth; and those diabolical maxims which have been so frequently and not unjustly censured in his "Prince," undoubtedly had their origin from the same powerful principle, and ought to be considered rather as an exaggerated portrait of the princes of that age, and as an incitement to his countrymen to be zealous in the defence of their liberty, than as a system of policy for the instruction of future princes.

The "Political Discourses" are the most correct and elegant of his works, and though they contain some exceptionable passages, yet they teem with deep researches and most excellent instructions.

Though the subject of this fragmentary memoir was one of the first persons of the age both in literary and political accomplishments, and though he was frequently employed in leading State capacities, yet he neither met with the countenance and support of the great, nor received any considerable reward for his services, of which he very pathetically complains in one of his dedications.

He was so generally decried on account of the little regard he is supposed to have shown to religion and monarchy in his writings, that many prudes may think themselves in some danger of being corrupted if they should venture to read them; but, upon careful perusal, many have found sufficient reason to alter their sentiments in that matter.

Machiavelli lived in an age when the events of every day must have blunted his moral feelings, and wearied out his indignation. His work furnishes a weighty evidence of the depravity by which he was surrounded. In this state of things, after the final disappointment of all his hopes, when Florence was subjected to tyrants, and Italy lay under the yoke of foreigners, having undergone torture for the freedom of his country, and doomed to beggary in his old age, after a life of public service, it is not absolutely unnatural that he should have resolved to compose a theory of the tyranny under which he had fallen, and that he should have manifested his indignation against the cowardly slaves who had yielded to it, by a stern and cold enunciation of his maxims.

Machiavelli, the man, was not the monster which educationists of to-day in many instances would describe him. That which may be ascribed to him as evil was that form of evil alone which was super-induced by influences which generated combative impulses.

A GENTLEMAN in the country, who had just buried a rich relation, an attorney, complained to a friend of the very great expenses of a country funeral. "Why, do you bury your attorneys here?" queried the friend. "Yes, to be sure we do. Why?" "Oh, we never do that in London!" "No?" said the other, much surprised. "How do you manage?" "Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out over-night in a room by himself, lock up the door, throwing up the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off." "Indeed?" cried the other in amazement. "What then becomes of him?" "Why, we cannot tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All we know of the matter is, there is a strong smell of brimstone next morning."

THE Count de Villeneuve de la Florét was an unfortunate nobleman, who, when travelling in France in 1793, was, upon suspicion of an intent to emigrate, dragged from the side of his wife in their carriage, and nailed, or rather, crucified, on the wall of a barn in a village near Colleure. This act of barbarity was committed in the middle of the day, and a company of citizen-soldiers and soldier-citizens amused themselves during eight hours by firing at him as a target, before death made him insensible of their atrocities.

These republican ruffians, consisting of eighty volunteers, were headed by General Duhem, who regulated the order of his men's firing. The count's legs, thighs, stomach, feet, neck, and right side of the breast, were the parts at which they might take their aim. To make his agonies so much the more lingering, ten men only were permitted to fire during each hour, and at a distance of eighty steps. When they observed that the nobleman had expired, his corpse was cut down, and a large fire kindled in the market-place, upon which it was roasted. When ready to be served up, all the young women of the place were put in requisition to assist at a fraternal banquet; and, horrid to relate, they were all, under pain of death, obliged by Duhem, who did the honours of the table, to give their opinion of the flavour of the flesh of a roasted aristocrat!

Sacrificed by Suicide.

HOW JOHN BELLIS PERISHED WHILE PREVENTING HIS SWEETHEART FROM SLAYING HERSELF.

"When you sha'l these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that loved, not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Othello," Act v., Sc. 2.

OFTEN has it been a matter of conjecture to psychologists and others who study the human emotions why it is that, when a woman is crossed in love, in any way, her feelings take one of two courses. Either she hates with the venom of a savage—

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned"

—or the aggrieved damsel immediately conceives the idea of suicide. The present is a mysterious case in some ways, for it tells of a fair young girl who determined to destroy herself, but by accident slew her erstwhile lover.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, the 15th of January, 1901, as the tramcar, of which he was conductor, was passing along the Fleet Road, Hampstead, Mr. John Shee heard the report of firearms. Being a man with his wits about him, he stopped the car and jumped off. The sounds seemed to come from a little shop at No. 94, Fleet Road, and the conductor entered it.

There a terrible sight met his gaze.

Stretched on the floor was the body of a beautiful young woman, grasping in her clenched hand a revolver, from the muzzle of which a tiny stream of smoke was still issuing, while at the far end of the shop a man was huddled up in a crouching posture, with his back turned towards the door.

Realising that something tragic had happened, Mr. Shee took the pistol from the woman's hand—for she was insensible—and waited a minute or two, pending the arrival of others. Then he laid the revolver out of the girl's reach, and left the premises in charge of the landlord of the shop, who came from the private part of the premises, while he rejoined his car, intending to give information to the first constable he passed on the road.

* * * * * *

It was about the spring of the year 1899 that John Bellis first began to feel that he was fonder of Miss Maud Eddington than mere friendship explained. Every week they met more frequently, and every week saw them getting more closely united. At last it became a recognised matter with Miss Eddington's relations that Maud and Mr. Bellis were "keeping company." There is something stupid about the term, for they had been much in one another's company for some little time before, but it is an accepted one, and as such we have to use it.

Bellis was a grocer and oilman by calling: a steady, hard-working young fellow whose relations took great pleasure in seeing the excellent progress he was making. For some time he was an assistant to his uncle, Mr. Griffiths, who kept a shop in Penton Street, Pentonville, but when the latter saw that his nephew was getting on so well he thought fit to assist him into a business of his own.

It was while at Penton Street that Bellis made the acquaintance of Maud Eddington, who used to keep house for her father, a very respectable worker in silver wire. Thus the intimacy came about.

In the March of 1900 Mr. Griffiths established John Bellis in an oil and grocery shop at 94, Fleet Road, Hampstead, and himself came to occupy the rooms above the premises. All this time the course of love between the two young persons went on smoothly enough. It is needless to say that there were the usual lovers' quarrels and the sweeter reconciliations, but these only added zest to their affection.

Then came the day when John Bellis asked Maud if she would be his wife, and, blushing, she said, "Yes." After that the ring was bought, and Miss Eddington wore it continually. Parents on both sides recognised the engagement, and eventually the wedding was fixed for the Christmastide of 1900.

The end of the year came, and no definite arrangements were made for the wedding, and Maud began to think that it was high time that something should be settled. She began to mope, to feel miserable, and confided her grief in a letter to the aunt of her fiancé. Now, Mrs. Griffiths was a woman with a good deal of common-sense, and, knowing the ways of young people, thought, after consultation with her husband, that matters had better be left severely alone. There had doubtless, she argued, been similar little squabbles and they had blown over quietly, on the "kiss and make up" principle, so what was there to prevent this one ending in the same satisfactory manner? But the good lady had not calculated on the very excitable temperament of the girl. She had no idea that waiting for an answer to her letter was like gall and wormwood to her, that as each succeeding post came in Maud grew more angry, more unreasonable. Indeed, Mrs. Griffiths thought little more about the matter till the evening of January 15th, when someone told her that "Maud has shot John."

At the moment she did not believe it, but on reaching home and seeing her husband she heard that, alas! it was the common supposition that the poor girl had slain her lover.

* * * * * *

We now go back to the scene at 94, Fleet Road, Hampstead, on that eventful afternoon. Hearing the reports of the revolver, Mr. Griffiths at first attributed them to some boys who were letting off crackers at that time of the year. A moment or two later, however, he heard the sounds of other people coming into the shop, and someone called out "Police!" Then he ran downstairs and found the conductor Shee standing looking at the two prostrate bodies. Shee said he would have to go off with his tram, and added that he thought the man was badly wounded, for the blood was pouring from his head. The woman he was not certain about; she might be dead, dying, or fainting.

By the time Griffiths had fully realised what had taken place the police had come in, and they were shortly followed by a doctor, who ordered the immediate removal of Mr. Bellis to the hospital, and, having restored Miss Eddington to consciousness, she was taken off to the police-station, where she was primarily charged with shooting at and wounding John Bellis. She was then consigned to a cell for the night in charge of a matron and the police surgeon.

In the meantime, Bellis was taken to the hospital, where it was seen that he was in a grave condition. The surgeons came and examined him, but, owing to the profuse hemorrhage from the wound on the upper side of the face, they were unable to operate. The unfortunate man was in an unconscious condition, and there was every symptom of some foreign body in the brain, but the patient's weakness rendered it too dangerous for surgical measures to be taken for its removal. Bellis lingered till about ten o'clock in the evening, and then expired without having regained consciousness.

This being the result of the tragedy, Maud Amelia Eddington was formally charged with shooting and killing her sweetheart.

Poor Maud was distracted with grief when she heard that her lover was dead. She moaned in her broken slumbers that she did not mean to kill him, but that she intended to kill herself.

"My poor, dear Jack!" she cried piteously. "I wish I had done it to myself and not to you! I loved you so!" All that night she hardly slept at all, and when she was brought into the Marylebone Police Court on the following day she was a physical wreck; grief had completely distracted her. Her interest in the proceedings was very slight. She had lost her best friend, and nothing else mattered.

She entered the dock clad as she had been at the time of the tragedy; clothes neat and fashionable, but not gaudy, and with a smartly trimmed hat. One glance round the

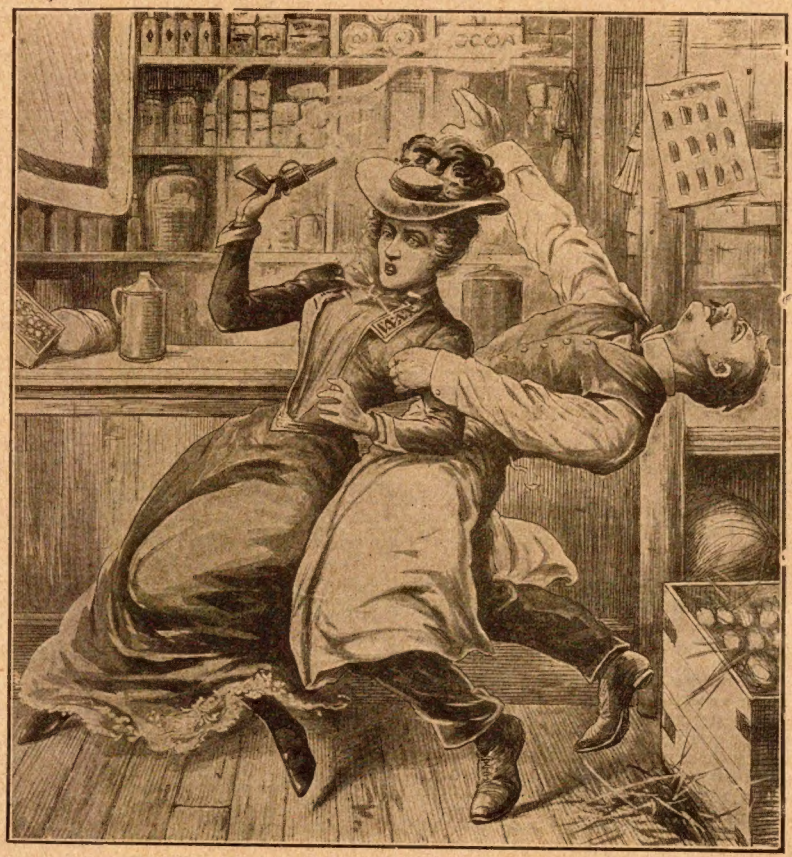
court was enough for her; she laid her head down on her hands on the rail of the enclosure and wept bitterly.

Everybody in the crowded police-court felt sympathy for the girl who had apparently taken the life of her future husband, and then attempted to take her own. Among the spectators were her father and her brother.

In person she was a tall, well-made young lady, with pleasing features and a profusion of dark, wavy hair and strongly-marked eyebrows. Altogether she was a very nice-looking girl, but on her forehead there was a sort of bluish

a revolver, which he subsequently learnt had been taken from her by the previous witness. Three of the chambers had been discharged.

The deceased man was bleeding from a wound in the head. A doctor was sent for, and the man removed to Hampstead Infirmary. He took the prisoner into custody as soon as she had been roused from the faint into which she had fallen. A good deal of water was poured over her face before she was conscious. She then said, "It is your fault; I intended to shoot myself."



HOW IT HAPPENED.

rash. That was not natural, but had been caused by the flash of the revolver when she had turned the weapon against herself.

On this day only sufficient evidence was given to justify a remand. The conductor of the tramcar stated that he had left his vehicle, as we have described, and found the parties in the positions already indicated. He thought that the victim was dead when he first saw him, but had since learned that he did not succumb till several hours later. He called out through the door to some passers-by to come and assist him, and when Mr. Griffiths came down to the shop he went out to find a policeman, previously leaving his name and address.

This witness was followed by Constable Stone, who said that his attention was directed to 94, Fleet Road at about a quarter past three on the afternoon in question. He immediately went there, and found two persons on the floor, the man crouching and the woman lying prostrate, with one of her arms outstretched. Near the prisoner's right hand was

On this the magisterial inquiry was adjourned until the result of the necessary inquest was known.

One would have thought that the authorities would have spared the poor young woman the dreadful ordeal of being present at the inquest on the body of her affianced husband, but they did not see fit to do so, and she was brought into the coroner's court on the following Friday in the custody of a warder and several nurses. Her face was still badly marked, and she was greatly agitated. She burst into tears as soon as the jury were sworn in. From time to time she betrayed great feeling, and the coroner was much moved on several occasions.

First of all the tram-conductor repeated the evidence which he had given before Mr. Plowden at Marylebone Police Court, and then the uncle of the deceased spoke to his relations with

his nephew. He told of the purchase of the shop and of the proposed alliance between the poor, weeping prisoner and John Bellis. He had known nothing about any quarrel until a fortnight before the tragedy, when his nephew had remarked to him, "It is all up with me and Maud." He knew Miss Eddington, who used to come into the shop frequently, and on the Monday he had seen her in the oil-stores talking to Bellis. He went upstairs, and when he had been there for a few minutes—possibly only one minute—he heard the reports, but thought little of them until he heard other persons coming into the establishment.

The proceedings were here interrupted by the tears of the mother of Mr. Bellis, who had to be removed, and then, while little consideration was shown for Maud's misery, the inquiry went on. Mr. Griffiths was asked whether he thought there was any enmity between his wife and Miss Eddington, and he said that, as far as he knew, there was not. Neither he nor his wife had attempted to separate the young couple. This evidence was supplemented by the description given by Constable Stone at the police court.

Mr. Freke Palmer, for the defence, urged that the girl had attempted to commit suicide, and that there had been a struggle, during which the revolver had gone off, killing Bellis, and that when she saw that Bellis was no longer resisting she had again attempted to kill herself.

After some little consultation the jury returned a verdict of "Death from misadventure." In spite of this finding the magisterial proceedings were continued.

When next the magistrate's court met the Treasury was represented by Mr. Sims, who merely asked for a further remand to enable him to collect evidence. This was granted, and later the case reached the third stage. Then Mr. Griffiths, uncle of Bellis, was examined, and repeated his account of the affair which he had given before the coroner. He also added that he knew that John Bellis had given a ring to Maud. Further questioned, he said that he had complained of the visits of the prisoner to the shop and had remonstrated with Bellis. On the day of the tragedy he had seen the prisoner in the store, but had not spoken to her. He had never actually forbidden her to come to the shop.

The witness's wife was next called, and absolutely denied that she had any unkind feeling against the poor girl who stood in the dock; certainly she had received a letter from her in which she complained of being unhappy, but the witness put that down to an ordinary "tiff" between the sweethearts, and out of kindness thought that the less she noticed it the sooner matters would be all right again. Mr. Freke Palmer, for the defence, cross-examined this lady very carefully, but could not find any reason for Maud's idea that she was an enemy of hers. She knew that the prisoner had written a letter to Bellis asking him to meet her, but she did not know whether a reply had been sent.

The sale of the weapon was then proved by one of the assistants at Messrs. Hill's establishment in King William Street, E.C. "The lady in the dock," he said, "bought a revolver on January 12th. It was similar to the one produced. She said that it was a present she was sending to a gentleman in South Africa. She paid thirty-five shillings for it, and an additional two shillings and sixpence for fifty cartridges."

After Mrs. Eddington, mother of the accused Maud, had given formal evidence of the fact that the girl lived at home and helped in the house, and that, therefore, the charge-sheet, which described her as a singer, was wrong, Ada Eddington, a sister of the prisoner, threw fresh light on the matter.

She said that, while cleaning out one of the cupboards in their house, she had found the fragments of a letter in her sister's handwriting. These fragments had been pieced together, and read as follows:

"Griffiths is the cause of all the mischief. Had she treated my letter with respect or given an explanation of her vulgar behaviour to me, as any good and sensible woman would, it would never have occurred. She professes to be a good, religious woman, but she had proved herself to be a vile hypocrite; she has tried to sow seeds of discord between me and Jack ever since she came back from Wales, and I guess the prospect of losing £40 has proved too much for him, for, although he said he would scorn her, he has turned coward to me, but he shall lose everything. My only wish is that you will not go into black for me. When I am buried you are to wear coloured clothes. My money and engagement ring is for mother. May is to have my bracelets, and Ada can have my other things, but send Lydia my nightdress case and satchet. Please pass this revolver over to Arthur, and ask him to sell it and give mother the money. I gave 35s. for it. Much love to all, and good-bye.—Yours very truly,

(Signed) "MAUD EDDINGTON."

There only remained the evidence of the two doctors. The first stated that Bellis was killed by a bullet from a revolver, and that the muzzle of the pistol must have been quite close to his face when it was fired. This was shown by the blackening of the skin and of the edges of the wound. It was quite impossible for him to render any effective surgical assistance. The victim lingered for several hours, and then died without regaining consciousness.

Dr. Payne, who had attended the prisoner while in custody, was the last witness. He said that the girl had told him that she had tried to shoot herself, but had been prevented by the unfortunate young man who had been killed. There was no doubt that she had done so, for on the right hand side of her forehead the marks of the powder were still visible. The position of the wound in Bellis's head would correspond with the direction taken by a bullet fired as indicated by the marks of the prisoner's face, provided he was trying to prevent her from shooting herself. There was no blood on the hands of the prisoner, such as might be expected if she had shot him when facing him at the very close quarters at which the fatal injury had been inflicted. After regaining consciousness Maud was calm, probably dazed, but later in the day she became prostrate with grief. She had to be watched very carefully, for she was dangerously hysterical for a short time.

Mr. Sims having intimated that the case for the Crown was closed, Mr. Freke Palmer said that the prisoner pleaded "Not guilty," and reserved her defence. She was then committed to take her trial at the coming sessions of the Central Criminal Court, and taken back to prison.

Of course, there was little doubt what the result of the trial would be. All the facts as we have detailed them were put before the jury, and on behalf of the prisoner it was pointed out that she had attempted to commit suicide, for to that she pleaded guilty, and that while her lover was struggling and trying to prevent her from doing so she had shot him. The revolver had been turned out of its course in the fight, and the bullet which she destined for herself had entered Bellis's brain.

Furthermore, the whole of the evidence for the prosecution really bore out this view of the matter. She had no motive for killing her lover, but she had left behind her a written statement which proved her intention to commit suicide.

The jury took the only possible course and acquitted Maud Eddington of murder and manslaughter. The judge, however, had to deal with the case of attempted suicide. Not wishing to prolong the girl's agony, he briefly pointed out that she had attempted to do a very wicked thing, which had resulted in the loss of another fellow-creature's life. That being so, the offence could not be allowed to pass without punishment. She would, therefore, be imprisoned for fifteen months. This seems an unnecessarily hard sentence, for the poor young lady had been in prison for six weeks, suffering great mental agony, and she was condemned by herself to the life-long regret of having, even unwittingly, killed the real object of her tenderest affections.

A review of the case makes one inclined to think that no real blame could possibly attach to any of the parties mentioned. It is quite patent that neither Mr. or Mrs. Griffiths can be censured, for they did what was perfectly reasonable; but their actions were mistaken by Maud, who was in the throes of a temporary lovers' quarrel, when things would appear much blacker than they really were. Anyhow, by now she is free again, and no one has the least right to cast her fault up in her face, nor can it be said that we have done so. The killing of a citizen is an historical event, and as such may be recorded, but it must be recorded impartially and without malice, which we claim to have done

IN Edinburgh there once resided a retired police-inspector as huge as Falstaff. It was his custom when he went by coach to take two places, and thus secure half the inside to himself. He once sent a servant to book him to Glasgow. The man returned with the pleasing intelligence, "I've booked you, sir; there weren't two inside places left, so I booked you one in and one out!"

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Criminal Problems

TREASON.

"Treason does never prosper; what's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason."
—SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, Epigrams.

FROM the earliest times man has had a horror of treachery, and treason was the principal of the three primitive crimes. The conditions of life under which our ancestors lived rendered it imperative that men should be banded together for purposes of support and protection. Thus the earliest communities were formed. The leaders, or chiefs, of these little tribes were chosen either for prowess in the hunting field or for their valour in battle, but the ruler's tenure of office was far from secure; any member of the tribe could challenge him to fight, and, if he was defeated, the victor took the supreme place. Should, however, the challenger lose the day, he was accounted a traitor, and put to death. In this manner, even when the world was young, failure made treason.

Originally the crime was very restricted, and consisted solely of betraying the secrets or plans of one tribe to its enemies, but it soon became apparent that anything which was likely to upset the discipline of the community was hurtful to it, and an attempt to do so was included in the category of treasonable offences. It was obvious that a personal attack on the chieftain was liable to do this, and, accordingly, where the attempt failed, the vanquished one was considered a traitor.

Had Cæsar not succumbed, Brutus and Cassius would have been slain as traitors, and the French Revolutionaries would undoubtedly have been attainted of treason if their project had not been successful. Oliver Cromwell and the Parliamentary forces would also have met a traitor's doom if they had not succeeded in subduing the Royalists and slaying the King. In what, then, does the crime consist, if success or failure determines its actual existence?

The sole basis of the offence of treason is the disorganisation of the community. Where an action, which if frustrated would have been treason, succeeds, the community goes on under the altered conditions as if nothing had happened, whereas, if it fails, much dislocation is caused, and a body of malcontents, who are again likely to cause an upheaval, remain. To prevent this, and at the same time to compel would-be reformers to count well the cost of their plots, it is necessary that exemplary vengeance should be meted out to those who were the cause of the disturbance.

This punishment has varied from time to time. Originally the traitor was forced to take poison, and as far back as the days of the Pharaohs we find mention of "the punishment of the peach" being the appointed penalty for treason. The draught was distilled from peach stones, and was really nothing more than diluted prussic acid. Later it was considered that, inasmuch as the attempt to cause a revolution involved the loss of many lives, the doom of the traitor should be made more terrible. In ancient Greece the legislators devised a punishment with, what Gilbert called, "something with boiling oil in it," the unfortunate malefactor being boiled to death in a cauldron.

Rome contented herself with beheading those who plotted against the empire, or with throwing them to the wild beasts. The Teutons found breaking on the wheel an excellent deterrent, and accordingly the wretched men who failed were brought on to a public scaffold and there their limbs were fractured with a heavy iron bar, and then they were fastened on a wheel and left to die from exhaustion.

Anyone who conspired against the Sacred Majesty of the French Monarch, prior to the Revolution, had a more dreadful fate to meet. His hands were scorched with lighted brimstone, his flesh pinched with red hot pincers, and molten lead poured into the wounds; he was then torn to pieces by four horses attached to his limbs, and his mangled remains burnt to ashes and sprinkled over the streets.

Great Britain was little less inhuman. The traitor was placed on a common hurdle, and drawn through the streets to the place of execution. There he was partially hanged, and, while still alive, cut down and his bowels removed from his body. Decapitation followed, and then the corpse was cut into four quarters, which were dipped in tar, and exposed in various places as a warning to others. Peers were usually privileged by being allowed to suffer death by axe and block instead of by the halter and knife.

In the days of our late Queen the drawing and quartering was abolished, but still executions for treason have to be public, so that the malefactor's fate may act as a deterrent to others who might desire to emulate him.

Some such example is necessary, for a careful study of cases of treason, as distinct from cases of successful operation against the Crown, reveals the fact that, as a rule, those who propose to overthrow the monarchy and place themselves in high positions are the very men who are utterly incapable of attaining even a mediocre place by their own energies. They become absorbed with the desire to attain fame, honour, and money by their conspiracy, perfectly regardless of the lives which will be lost in their attempt. Moreover, they rarely have any definite idea of what they intend to do when they have deposed the sovereign. A glance at two of the most notorious conspiracies is sufficient to elucidate this.

The so-called "Catholic Emancipators," who planned the Gunpowder Plot, failed to make any arrangements for government when they had destroyed the entire legislative body of the kingdom, and from contemporary documents it is evident that, beyond securing for themselves well-paid positions, the conspirators had the vaguest notion of their future movements. True, Catesby did suggest that the Crown, a bauble which the patriots could not be bothered with, was to be given to a foreign prince, but his colleagues insisted that the matter should be allowed to stand over until the throne was vacant.

Thistlewood proposed to his fellows, in the Cato Street Conspiracy, that a provisional Parliament should sit until he had obtained the control of the money in the Bank of England, but further than this he had not got.

The greatest protection, therefore, against treason lies in the absolute incompetence of those who devise it. Where the arch-traitor has been a man of intellect, he has been saved from being a traitor, *in name*, by his success.

LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

LETTERS of slanes were a discharge in old Scots law given to a murderer, by the relations of a person murdered, on his paying a certain fine.

LAWS and a tribunal of justice were first established in the Kingdom of Argos, by Phoroneus, son of Inachus, 1808 B.C. Roman law was first collected by Theodosius the Younger, 438; the code was completed under Justinian, about 533. The Saxon code was completed by Ina, 709; Alfred's body of laws were passed in 890, and those of Edward the Confessor in 1065; Oleron were maritime laws made by Richard I., when at the Isle of Oleron.

MURDERERS were punished, during the Heptarchy, only by fines. The Persians never punished the first offence, and were allowed benefit of clergy, 1503; and in Henry VIII.'s time, in Wales, murders were compounded for, an institution which also existed in Saxony; formerly, in Italy, murder was passed with some degree of impunity, as also in Spain and Portugal, and the criminal was allowed to plead that the deceased was his enemy; in Turkey, the next of kin may compound, death not being thought a sufficient atonement.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

BURKER BILL.—Will appear in a future issue.
LEGAL.—The "Queen's Prison" was abolished in 1862.
HANGMAN.—The ropes are now supplied by Government.
ACCOMPLICE.—If you attempt rescue you are liable to two years hard.
WARDER WILL.—Houses of Correction, as distinct from gaols, were abolished in 1865.
LEES.—You are confounding William Lees, hanged at Newgate in 1839, with John Lee, the Babbacombe murderer, now in Portland.

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